TWELVE HYMNS

As they are sung

At the Right Honourable

THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON'S

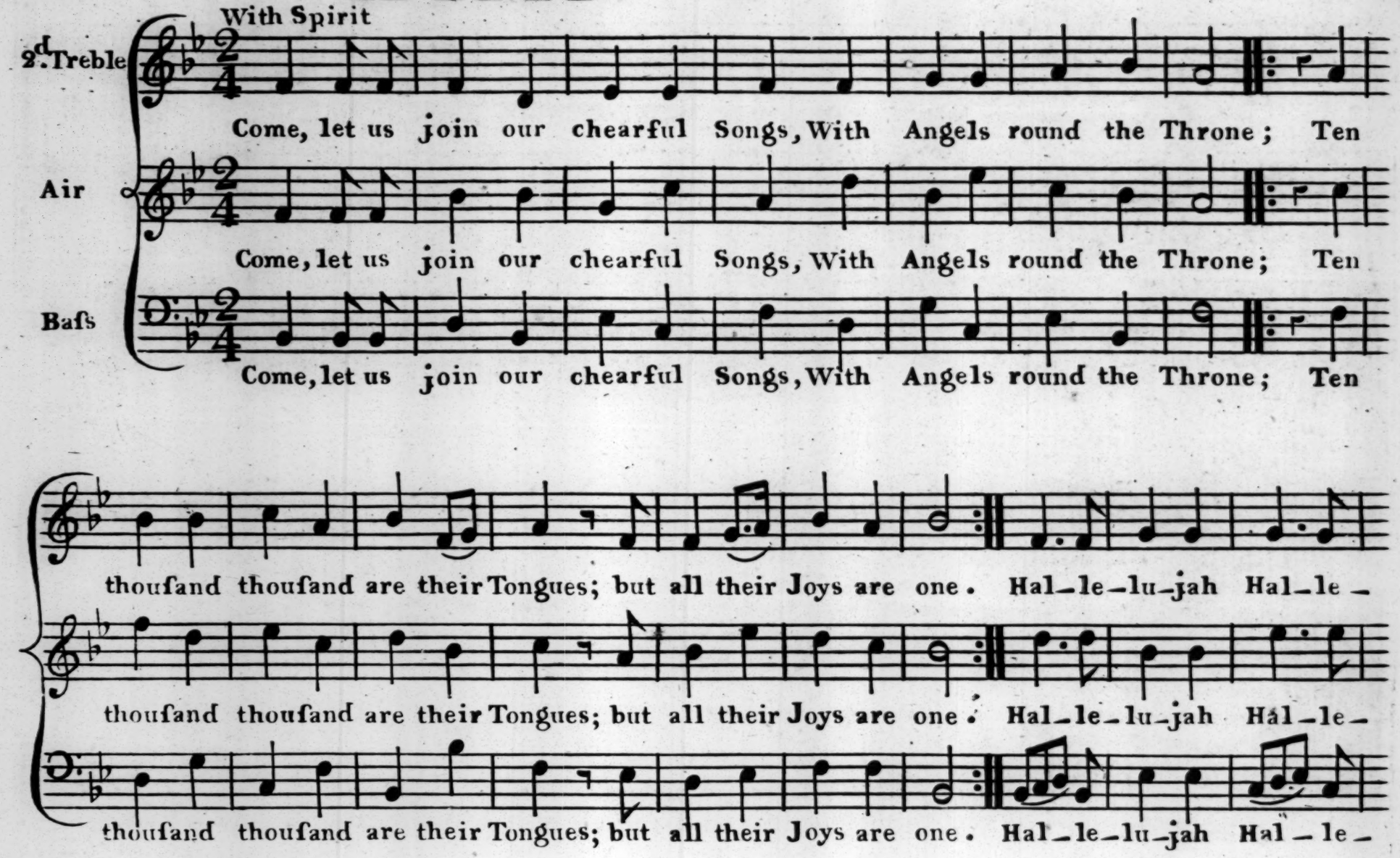
CHAPPEL IN BATH.

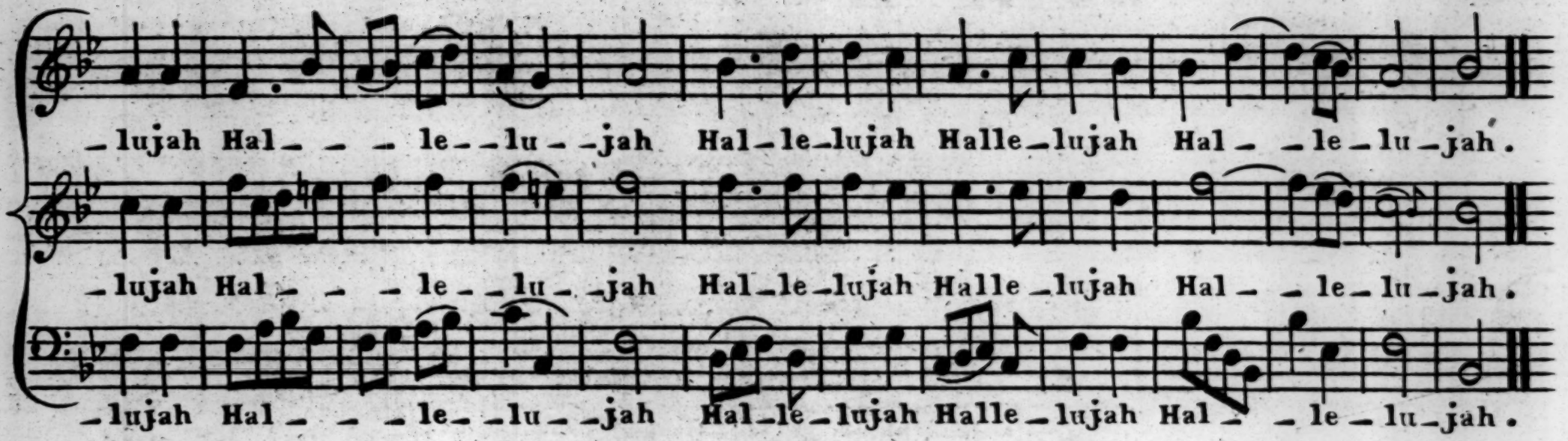
Set to Music by

BENJ.N MILGROVE. Book 2.nd

Printed and Published According to Act of Parliament. 1771

HYMN I


With Spirit
2d. Treble
Come, let us join our chearful Songs, With Angels round the Throne; Ten
Air
Come, let us join our chearful Songs, With Angels round the Throne; Ten
Baſs
Come, let us join our chearful Songs, With Angels round the Throne; Ten
thouſand thouſand are their Tongues; but all their Joys are one. Hal-le-lu-jah Hal-le-
thouſand thouſand are their Tongues; but all their Joys are one. Hal-le-lu-jah Hal-le-
thouſand thouſand are their Tongues; but all their Joys are one. Hal-le-lu-jah Hal-le-

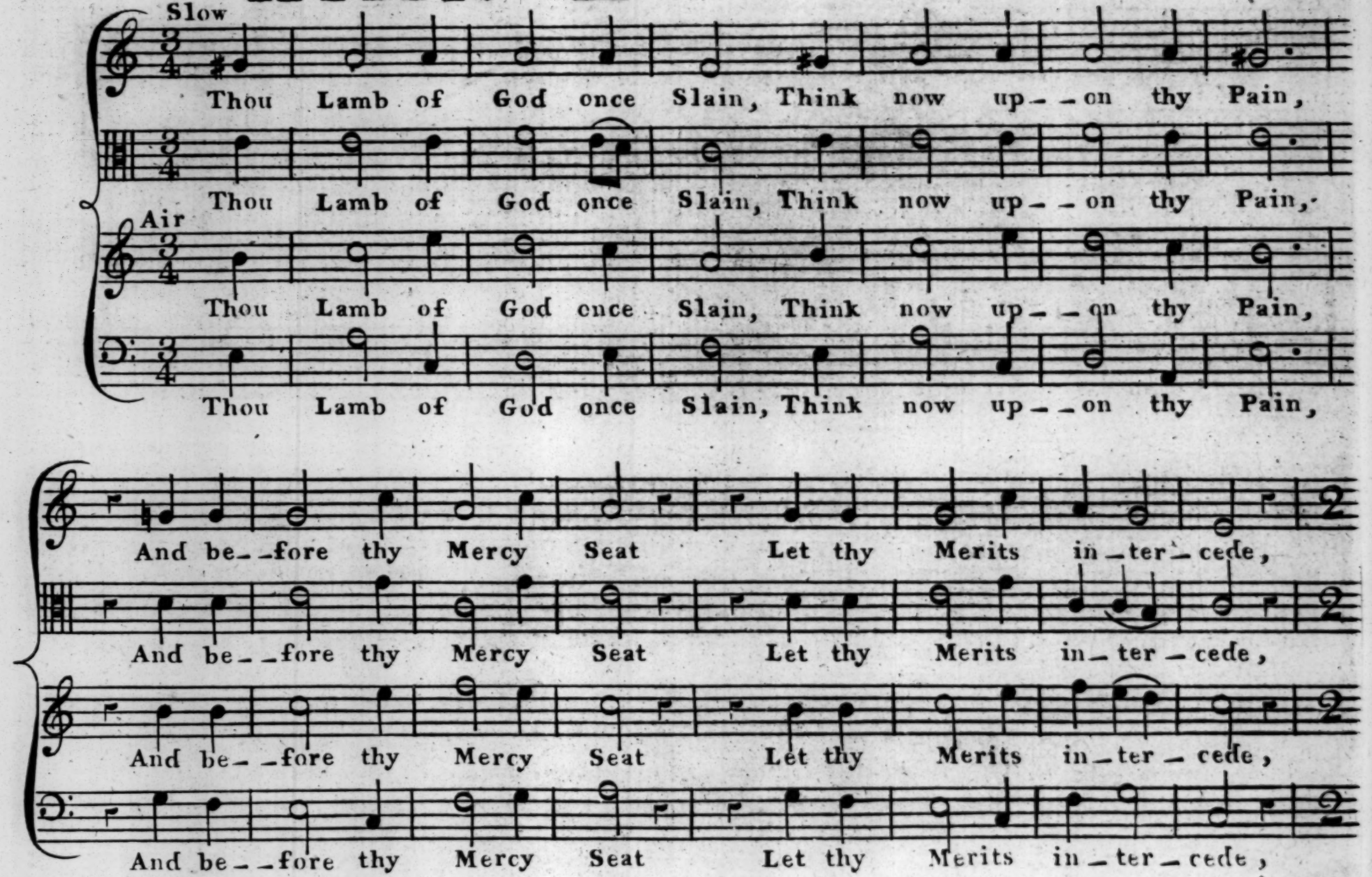


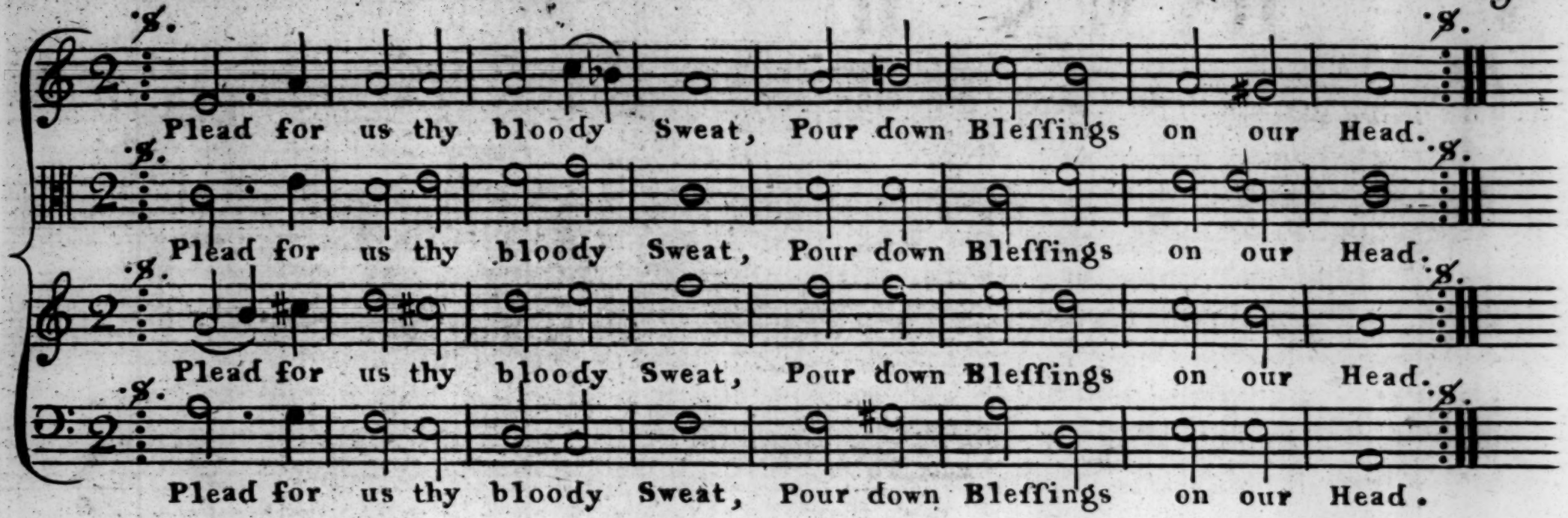
Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our Hearts reply,
For he was Slain for us.
Hallelujah.

Jeſus is worthy to receive
Honour and Pow'r divine;
And Bleſſings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
Hallelujah.

The whole Creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred Name
Of Him that ſits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.
Hallelujah.

HYMN II


Slow
Thou Lamb of God once Slain, Think now up--on thy Pain,
Thou Lamb of God once Slain, Think now up--on thy Pain,
Air
Thou Lamb of God once Slain, Think now up--on thy Pain,
Thou Lamb of God once Slain, Think now up--on thy Pain,
And be--fore thy Mercy Seat Let thy Merits in-ter-cede,
And be--fore thy Mercy Seat Let thy Merits in-ter-cede,
And be--fore thy Mercy Seat Let thy Merits in-ter-cede,
And be--fore thy Mercy Seat Let thy Merits in-ter-cede,



Our Souls, with inmoſt ſhame,
Addreſs thy holy Name,
Here to find thee inly near,
Preſent to each waiting Soul!
Evry drooping Sinner chear,
Breathe thy Spirit through the whole.

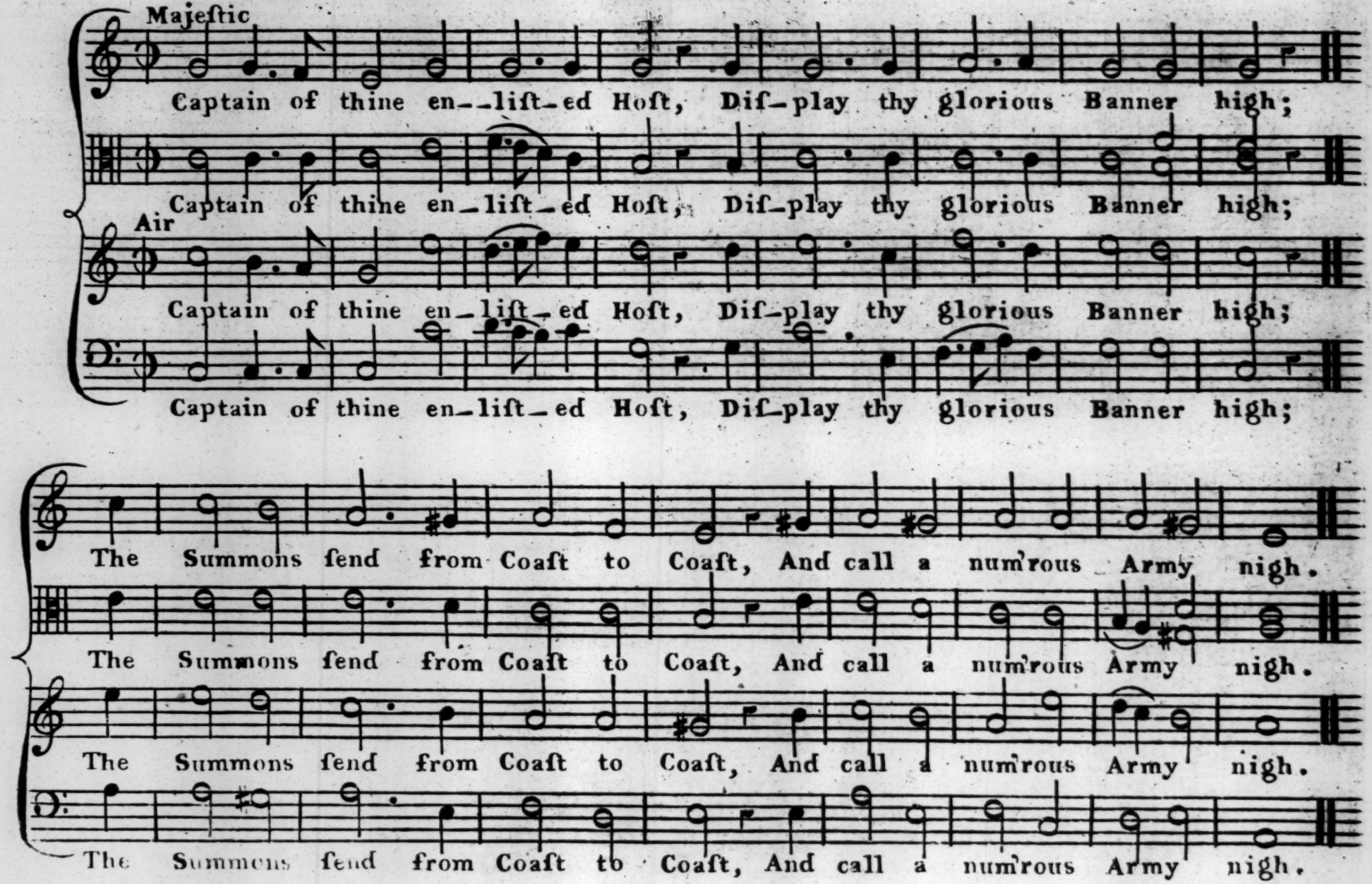
We Sinners humbly crave
Thy Preſence here to have,
In this Place to find Thee true
To thy Promiſes of Grace;
Still to own the gather'd Few,
Giving them thy Life and Peace.

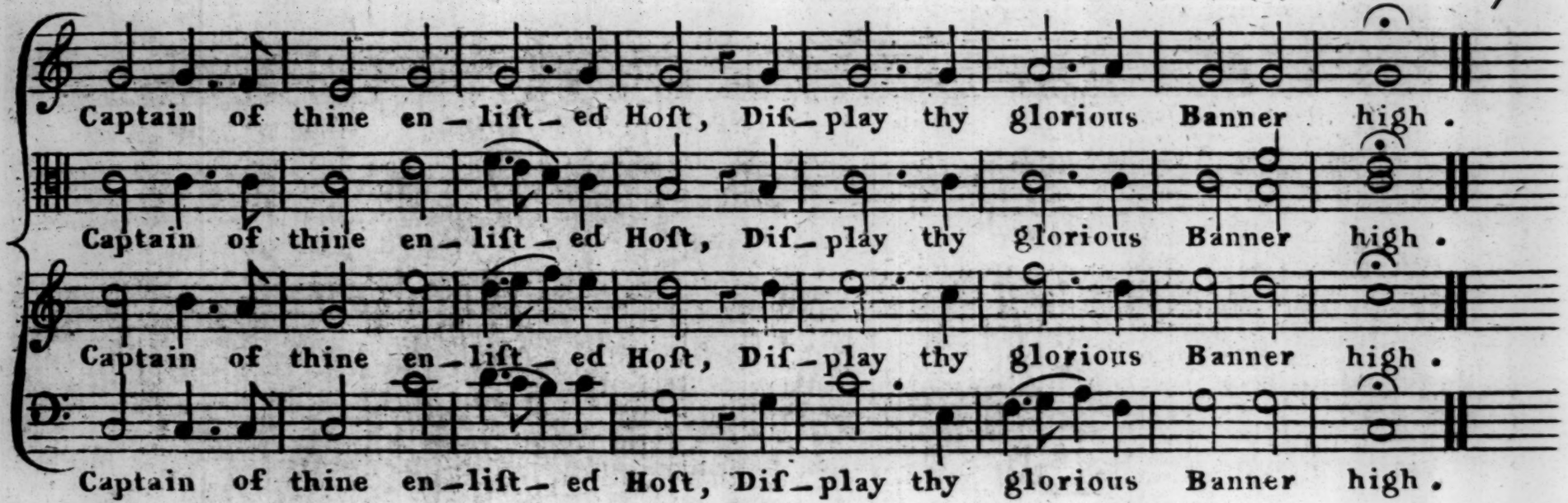
Each hindrance, Lord, remove,
By pouring in thy Love;
Let thoſe bleeding Wounds of thine
Sparkling to our Hearts appear;
With peculiar Luſtre ſhine,
Gladden evry Sinner here.

From thy Majeſtic Throne
In Mercy, Lord, look down;
View the Souls a thirſt for Thee,
Take them to thy kind embrace;
Each adores, with bended Knee,
All the Glories of thy Grace.

No more we want below
Than Thee, our God, to know;
Thee to love with keen deſire,
Softend through th'atoning Blood;
Fill'd with the Angelic Fire,
Fill'd with all the Life of God.

HYMN III


Majeſtic
Captain of thine en--lift-ed Hoſt, Diſ-play thy glorious Banner high;
Captain of thine en-lift-ed Hoſt, Diſ-play thy glorious Banner high;
Air
Captain of thine en-lift-ed Hoſt, Diſ-play thy glorious Banner high;
Captain of thine en-lift-ed Hoſt, Diſ-play thy glorious Banner high;
The Summons ſend from Coaſt to Coaſt, And call a num'rous Army nigh.
The Summons ſend from Coaſt to Coaſt, And call a num'rous Army nigh.
The Summons ſend from Coaſt to Coaſt, And call a num'rous Army nigh.
The Summons ſend from Coaſt to Coaſt, And call a num'rous Army nigh.

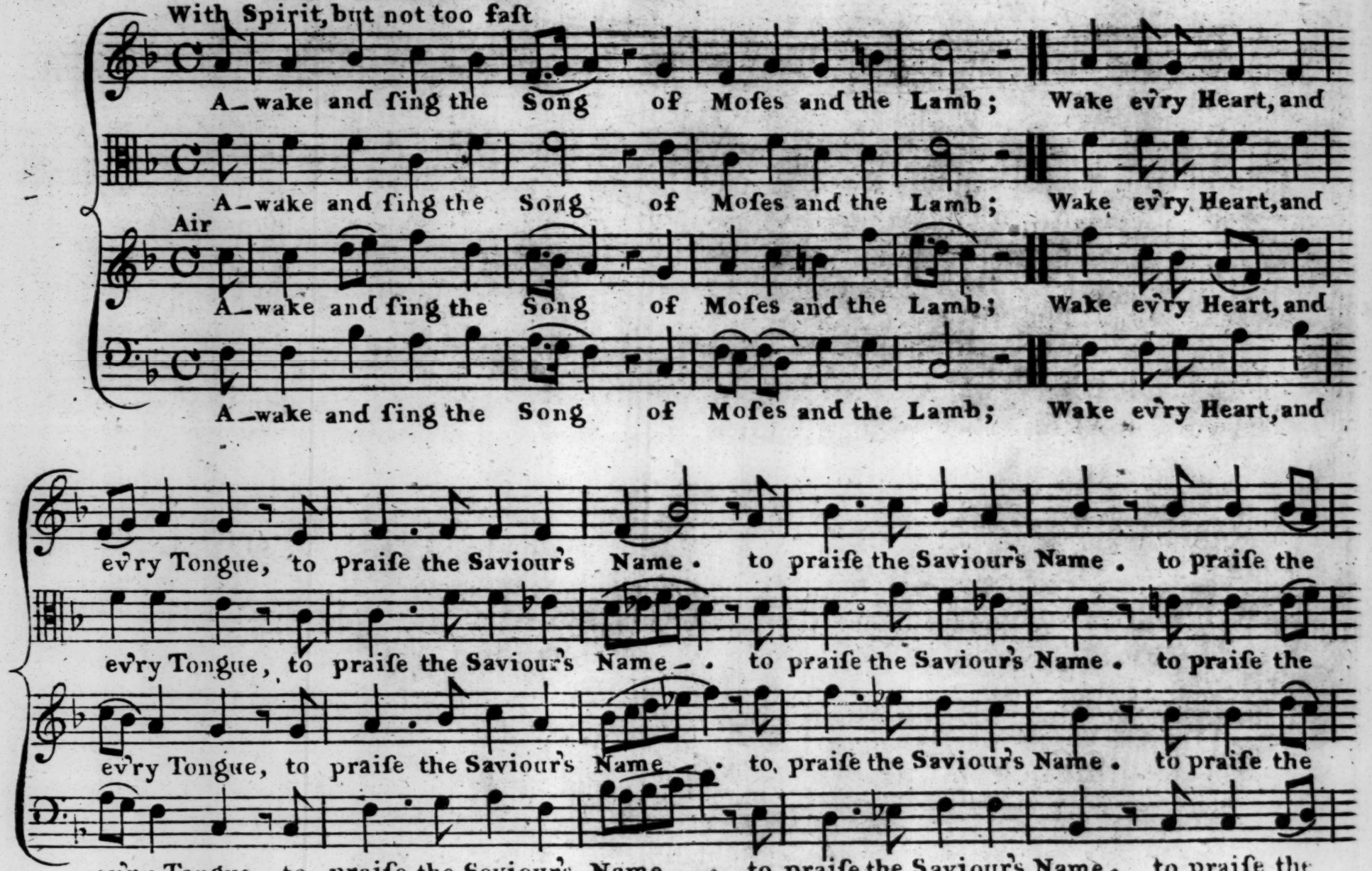


A ſolemn Jubilee proclaim,
Proclaim the great Sabbatic Day;
Aſſert the Glories of thy Name
Spoil Satan of his wiſh'd for Prey.
Captain of thine enliſted Hoſt,
Diſplay thy glorious Banner high.

Bid, bid thy Heralds publiſh loud
The peaceful Bleſſings of thy Reign:
And when they ſpeak of ſprinkling Blood,
The Myſt'ry to the Heart explain.
Captain of thine enliſted Hoſt,
Diſplay thy glorious Banner high.

Lord ſhed thy Light, make plain the Way,
That leads to Sion's lofty Tow'r;
Pierc'd by thy Beams let Night be Day;
So ſhall we ſee and Praiſe thy Pow'r.
Captain of thine enliſted Hoſt,
Diſplay thy glorious Banner high.

HYMN IV


With Spirit, but not too fast
A-wake and ſing the Song of Moſes and the Lamb; Wake evry Heart, and
A-wake and ſing the Song of Moſes and the Lamb; Wake evry Heart, and
Air
A-wake and ſing the Song of Moſes and the Lamb; Wake evry Heart, and
A-wake and ſing the Song of Moſes and the Lamb; Wake evry Heart, and
evry Tongue, to praiſe the Saviour's Name. to praiſe the Saviour's Name. to praiſe the
evry Tongue, to praiſe the Saviour's Name. to praiſe the Saviour's Name. to praiſe the
evry Tongue, to praiſe the Saviour's Name. to praiſe the Saviour's Name. to praiſe the
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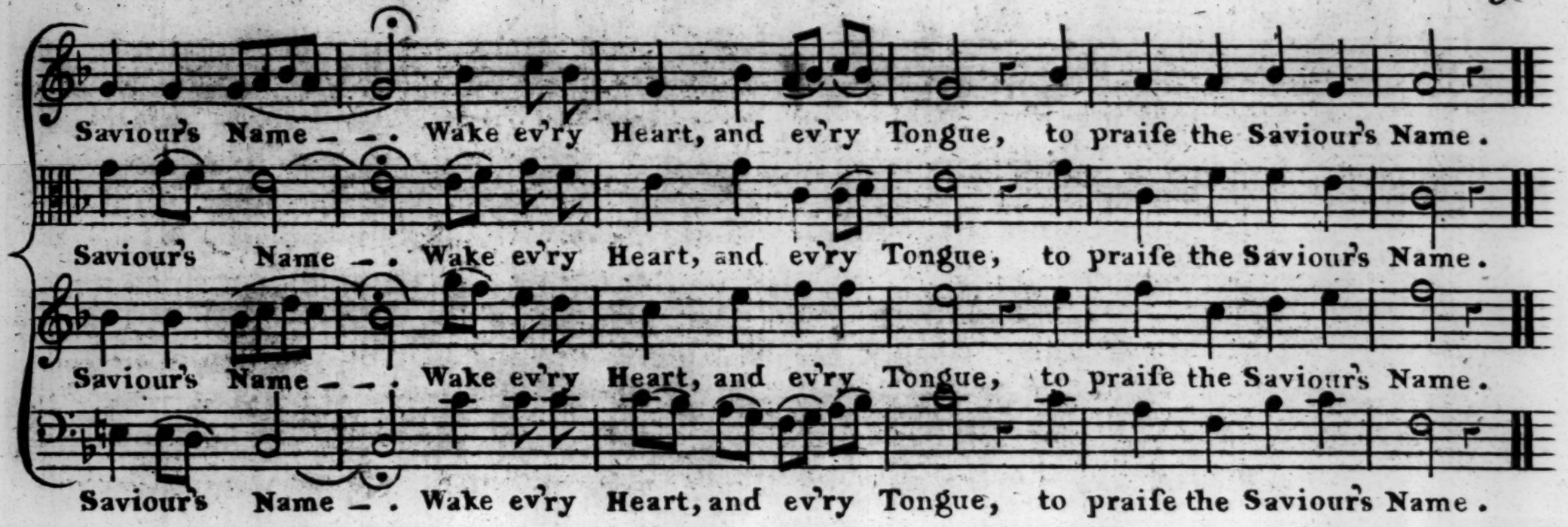


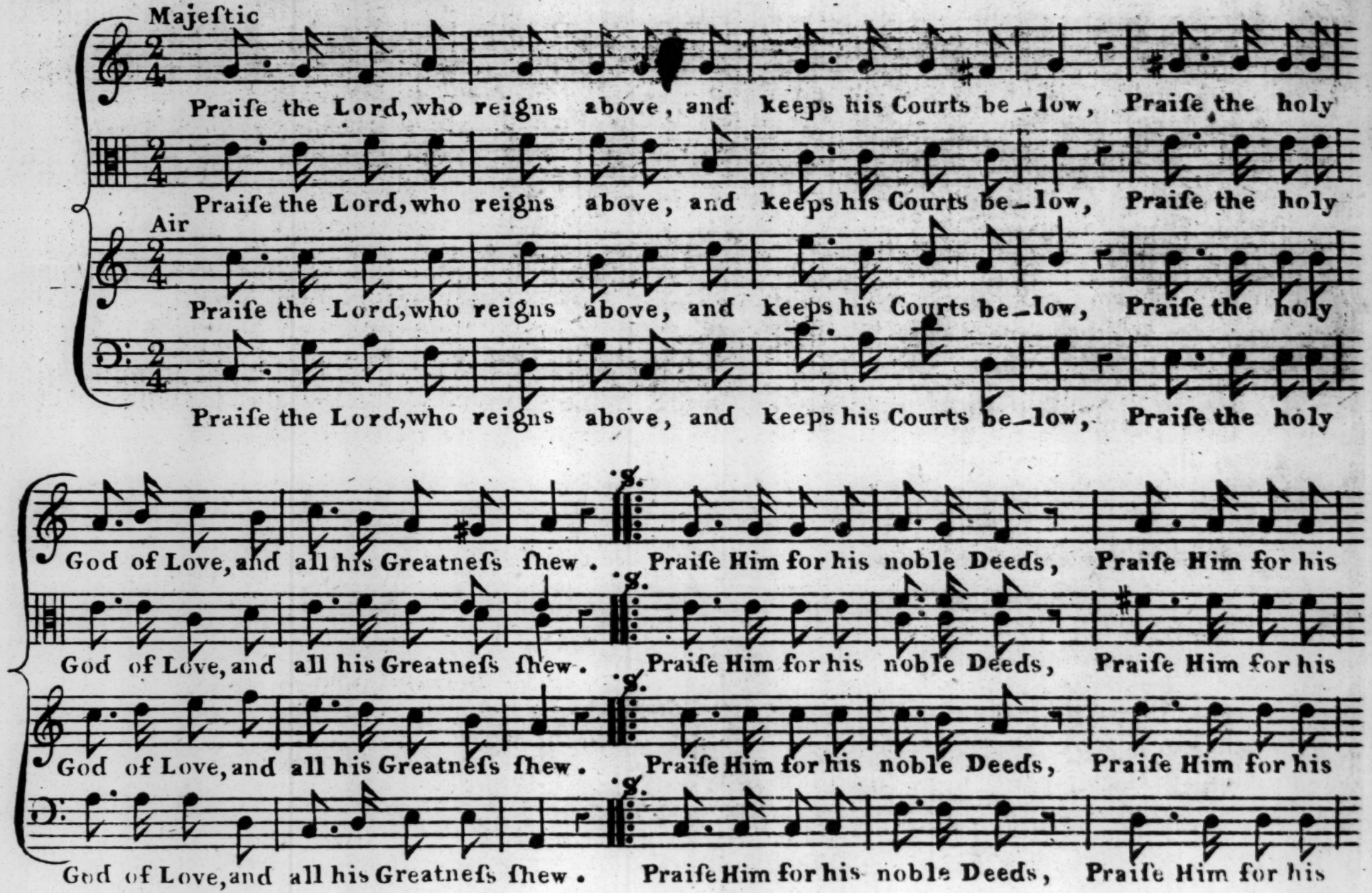
Sing of his dying Love,
Sing of his riſing Pow'r
Sing how He intercedes above
For thoſe whoſe Sins He bore.

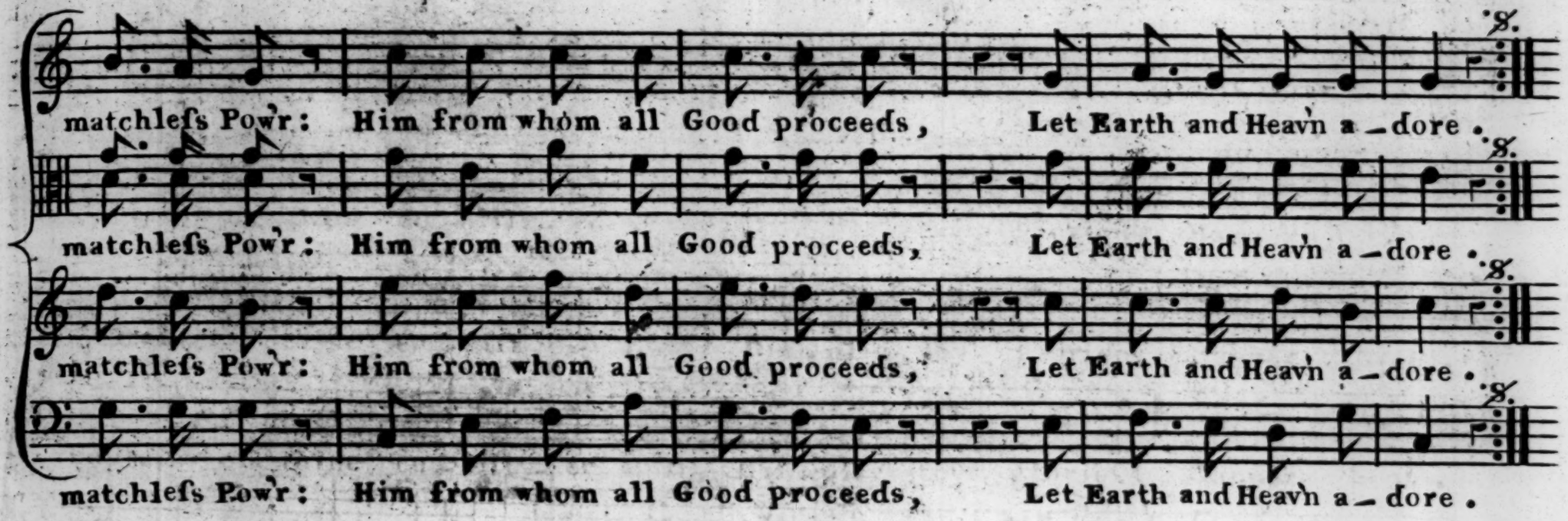
Sing, till we feel our Hearts
Aſcending with our Tongues:
Sing, till the Love of Sin departs,
And Grace inſpires our Songs.

Sing on your heav'nly Way,
Ye ranſom'd Sinners ſing:
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry Day,
In Chriſt th'eternal King.

Soon ſhall ye hear Him ſay
"Ye bleſſed Children, come,"
Soon will he call you hence away,
To take his Wand'rers home.

HYMN V

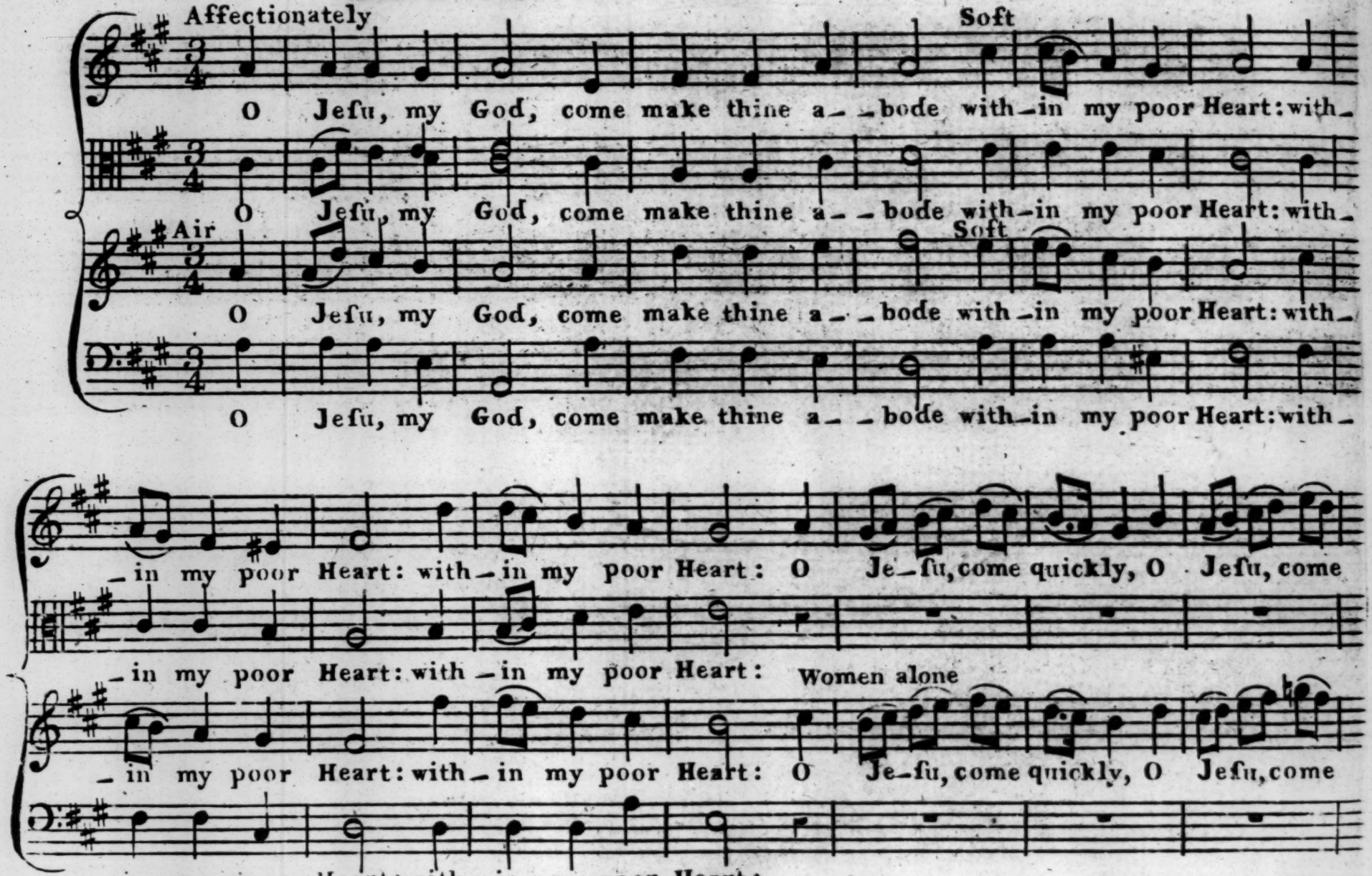

Majeſtic
Praiſe the Lord, who reigns above, and keeps his Courts be-low, Praiſe the holy
Praiſe the Lord, who reigns above, and keeps his Courts be-low, Praiſe the holy
Air
Praiſe the Lord, who reigns above, and keeps his Courts be-low, Praiſe the holy
Praiſe the Lord, who reigns above, and keeps his Courts be-low, Praiſe the holy
God of Love, and all his Greatneſs ſhew. Praiſe Him for his noble Deeds, Praiſe Him for his
God of Love, and all his Greatneſs ſhew. Praiſe Him for his noble Deeds, Praiſe Him for his
God of Love, and all his Greatneſs ſhew. Praiſe Him for his noble Deeds, Praiſe Him for his
God of Love, and all his Greatneſs ſhew. Praiſe Him for his noble Deeds, Praiſe Him for his

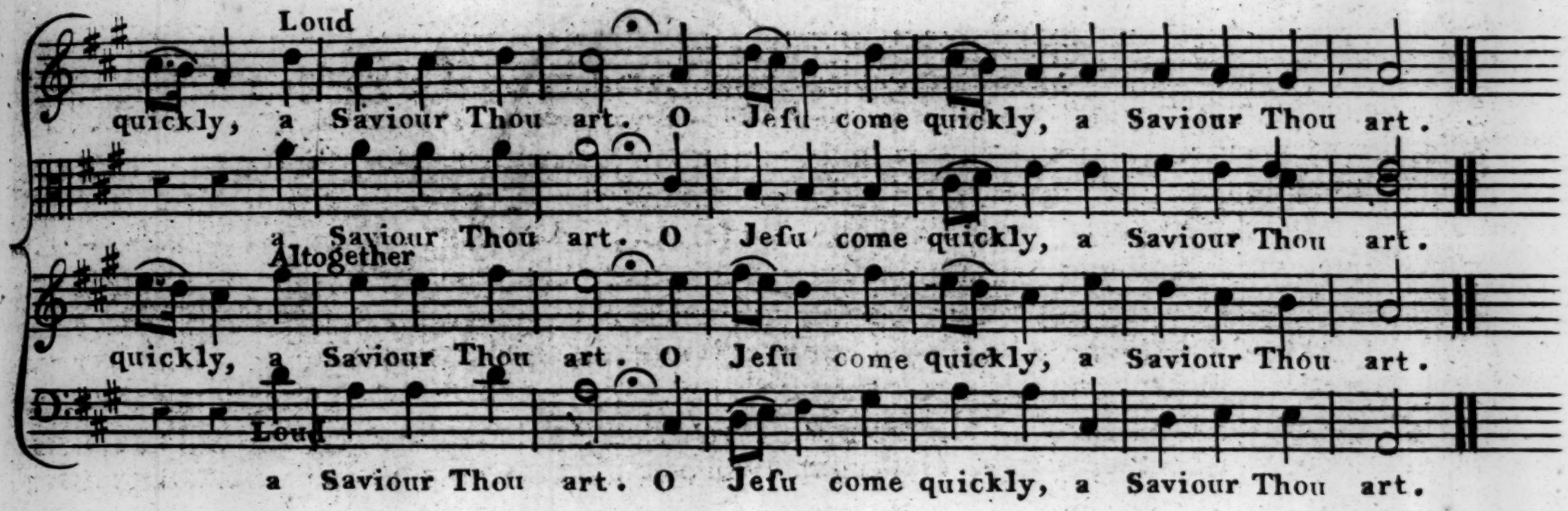


Publiſh, ſpread to all around
The great Immanuel's Name:
Let the Trumpets martial ſound,
Him Lord of Hoſts proclaim:
Praiſe Him ev'ry tuneful String,
All the Reach of heav'nly Art:
All the Pow'rs of Muſic bring,
The Muſic of the Heart.

Him in whom they move and live
Let ev'ry Creature ſing:
Glory to their Maker give,
And Homage to their King.
Hallow'd be his Name beneath,
As in Heav'n on Earth ador'd:
Praiſe the Lord in ev'ry Breath;
Let all things praiſe the Lord!

HYMN VI


Affectionately
Soft
O Jeſu, my God, come make thine a-bode with-in my poor Heart: with-
O Jeſu, my God, come make thine a-bode with-in my poor Heart: with-
Air
Soft
O Jeſu, my God, come make thine a-bode with-in my poor Heart: with-
O Jeſu, my God, come make thine a-bode with-in my poor Heart: with-
-in my poor Heart: with-in my poor Heart: O Je-ſu, come quickly, O Jeſu, come
-in my poor Heart: with-in my poor Heart:
Women alone
-in my poor Heart: with-in my poor Heart: O Je-ſu, come quickly, O Jeſu, come
-in my poor Heart: with-in my poor Heart:



Salvation I need, I want to be freed
From all my Diſtreſs,
And feel in my Heart the rich Bleſſings of Peace.

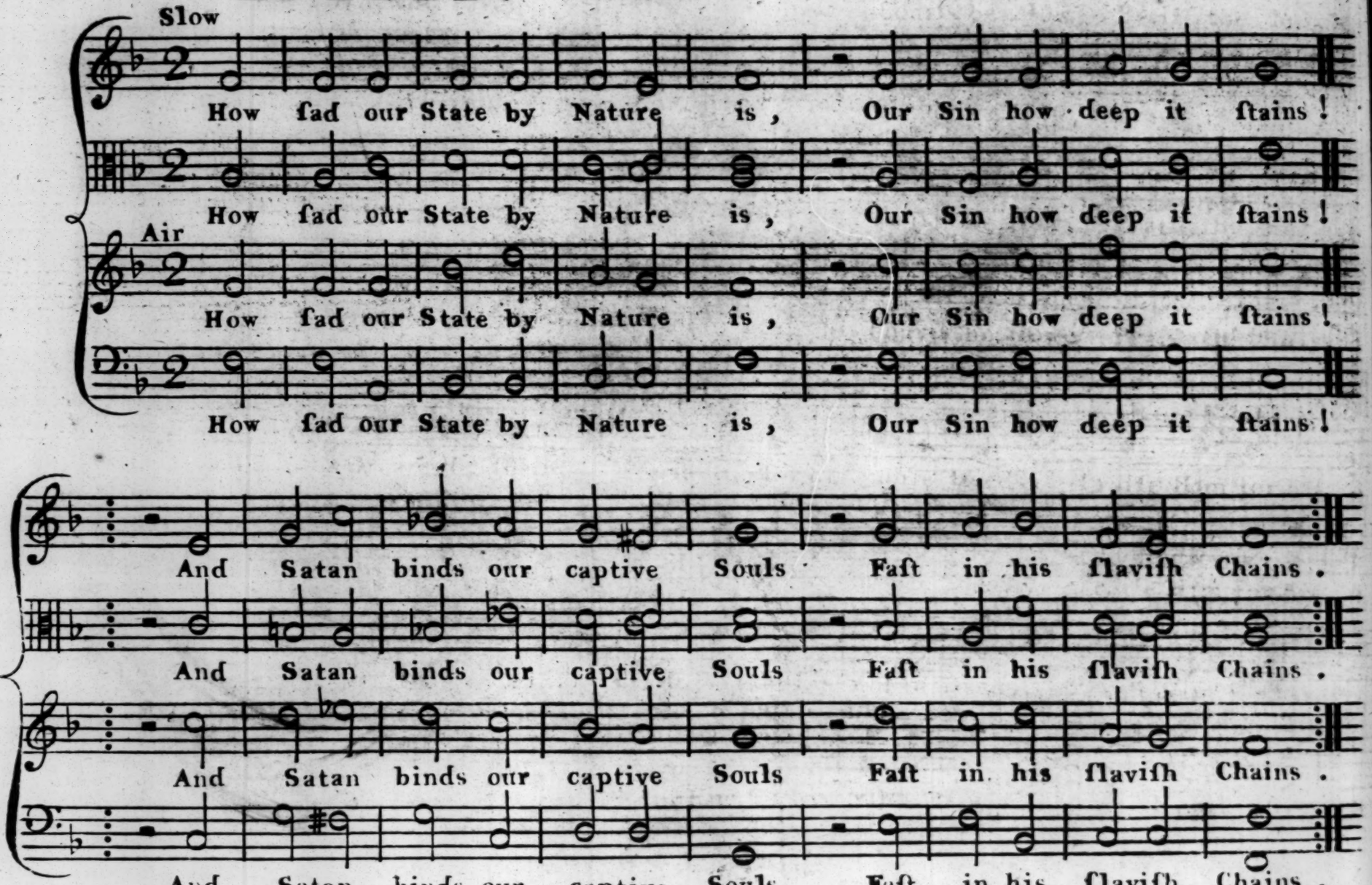
I thirſt to be thine, To feel thee within
Diffuſing abroad
Thy Love, that my Heart may aſcend unto God.

This, Lord, thou canſt do, And give me to know
My Sins are forgivn,
My Treaſure laid up in the Kingdom of Heavn.

Take me as I am, Thy Property claim;
My Nature refine,
And form my Affections and Tempers divine.

No more would I breathe, For Objects beneath,
But live to thy Praiſe,
Advancing in Knowledge, and growing in Grace.

HYMN VII


Slow
How ſad our State by Nature is, Our Sin how deep it ſtains!
How ſad our State by Nature is, Our Sin how deep it ſtains!
Air
How ſad our State by Nature is, Our Sin how deep it ſtains!
How ſad our State by Nature is, Our Sin how deep it ſtains!
And Satan binds our captive Souls Faſt in his ſlaviſh Chains.
And Satan binds our captive Souls Faſt in his ſlaviſh Chains.
And Satan binds our captive Souls Faſt in his ſlaviſh Chains.
And Satan binds our captive Souls Faſt in his ſlaviſh Chains.

2

But there's a Voice of ſov'reign Grace
Sounds from GOD's ſacred Word;
Ho! ye deſpairing Sinners, come,
And truſt upon the LORD.

3

O may we hear th'Almighty Call
And run to this Relief.
We would believe thy Promiſe, LORD,
O help our unbelief!

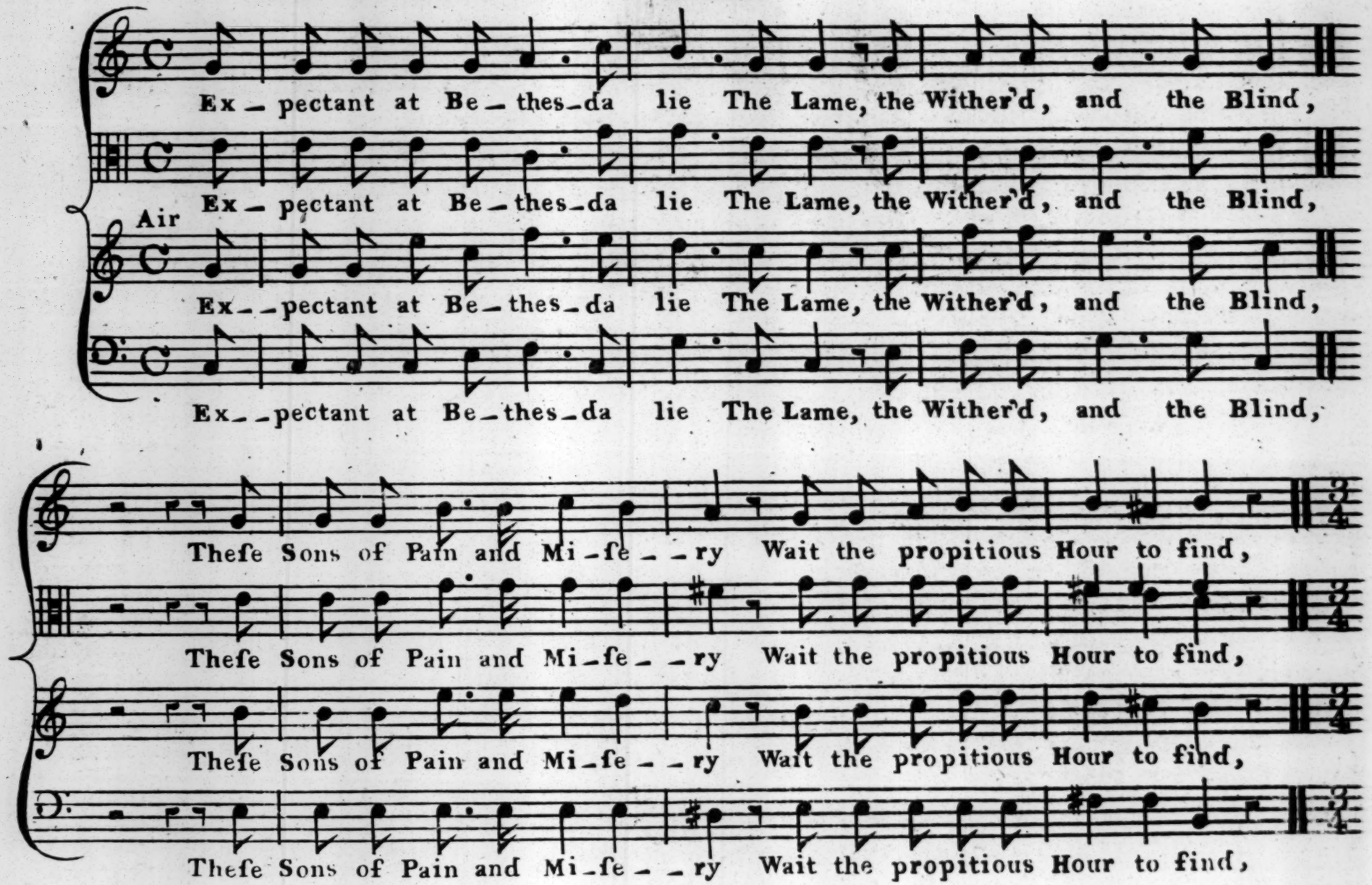
4

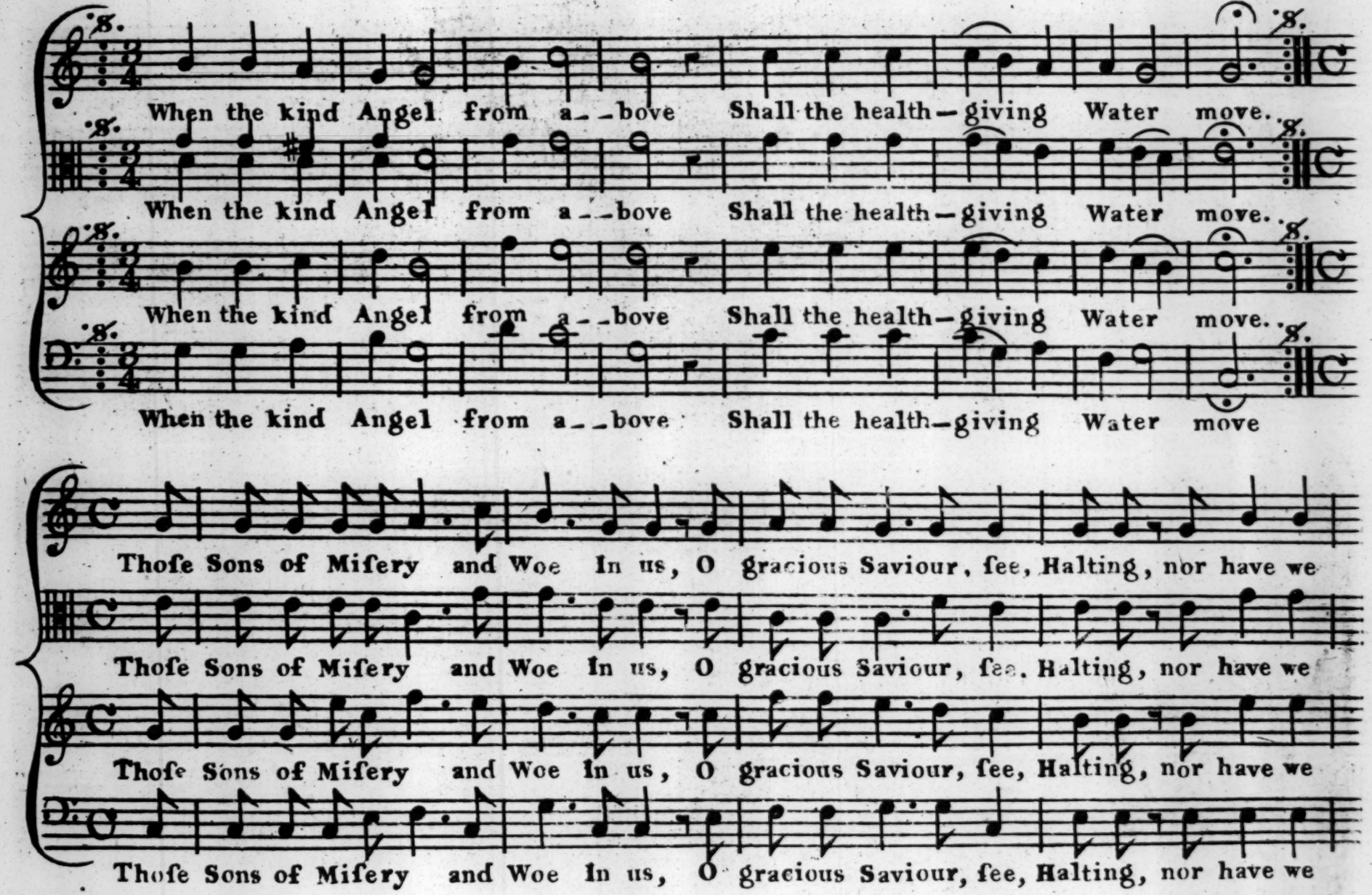
To the bleſt Fountain of thy Blood,
Teach us, O LORD, to fly;
There may we waſh our ſpotted Souls
From Crimes of deepeſt Dye!

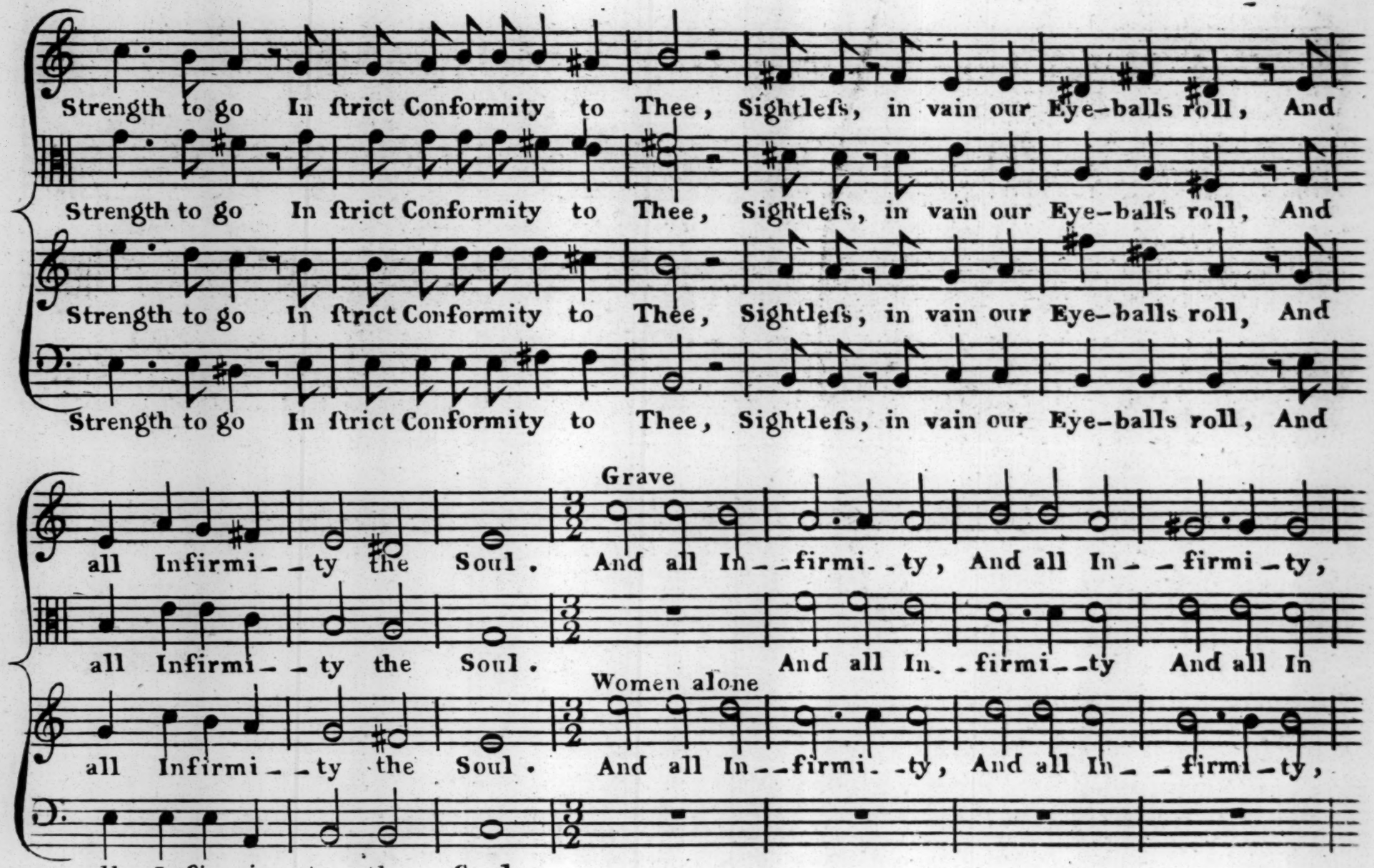
5

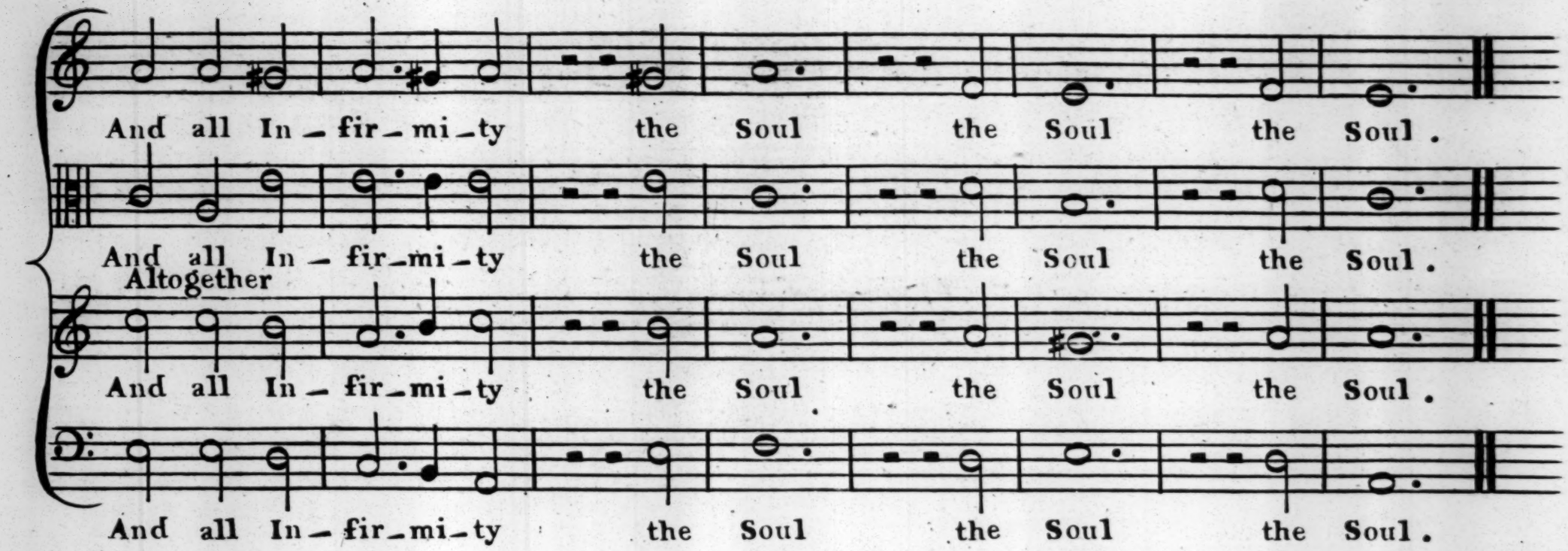
Poor, guilty, weak, and helpleſs Worms,
Into thine Hands we fall;
Be Thou our Strength and Righteouſneſs,
Our Jeſus and our All!

HYMN VIII


Ex – pectant at Be – thes – da lie The Lame, the Wither'd, and the Blind,
Ex – pectant at Be – thes – da lie The Lame, the Wither'd, and the Blind,
Air
Ex – – pectant at Be – thes – da lie The Lame, the Wither'd, and the Blind,
Ex – – pectant at Be – thes – da lie The Lame, the Wither'd, and the Blind,
Theſe Sons of Pain and Mi – ſe – – ry Wait the propitious Hour to find,
Theſe Sons of Pain and Mi – ſe – – ry Wait the propitious Hour to find,
Theſe Sons of Pain and Mi – ſe – – ry Wait the propitious Hour to find,
Theſe Sons of Pain and Mi – ſe – – ry Wait the propitious Hour to find,


When the kind Angel from a--bove Shall the health-giving Water move..
When the kind Angel from a--bove Shall the health-giving Water move..
When the kind Angel from a--bove Shall the health-giving Water move..
When the kind Angel from a--bove Shall the health-giving Water move
Thoſe Sons of Miſery and Woe In us, O gracious Saviour, ſee, Halting, nor have we
Thoſe Sons of Miſery and Woe In us, O gracious Saviour, ſee, Halting, nor have we
Thoſe Sons of Miſery and Woe In us, O gracious Saviour, ſee, Halting, nor have we
Thoſe Sons of Miſery and Woe In us, O gracious Saviour, ſee, Halting, nor have we


Strength to go In ſtrict Conformity to Thee, Sightleſs, in vain our Eye-balls roll, And
Strength to go In ſtrict Conformity to Thee, Sightleſs, in vain our Eye-balls roll, And
Strength to go In ſtrict Conformity to Thee, Sightleſs, in vain our Eye-balls roll, And
Strength to go In ſtrict Conformity to Thee, Sightleſs, in vain our Eye-balls roll, And
all Infirmi--ty the Soul. Grave And all In--firmi--ty, And all In--firmi-ty,
all Infirmi--ty the Soul. And all In--firmi--ty And all In
all Infirmi--ty the Soul. Women alone And all In--firmi--ty, And all In--firmi-ty,
all Infirmi--ty the Soul.

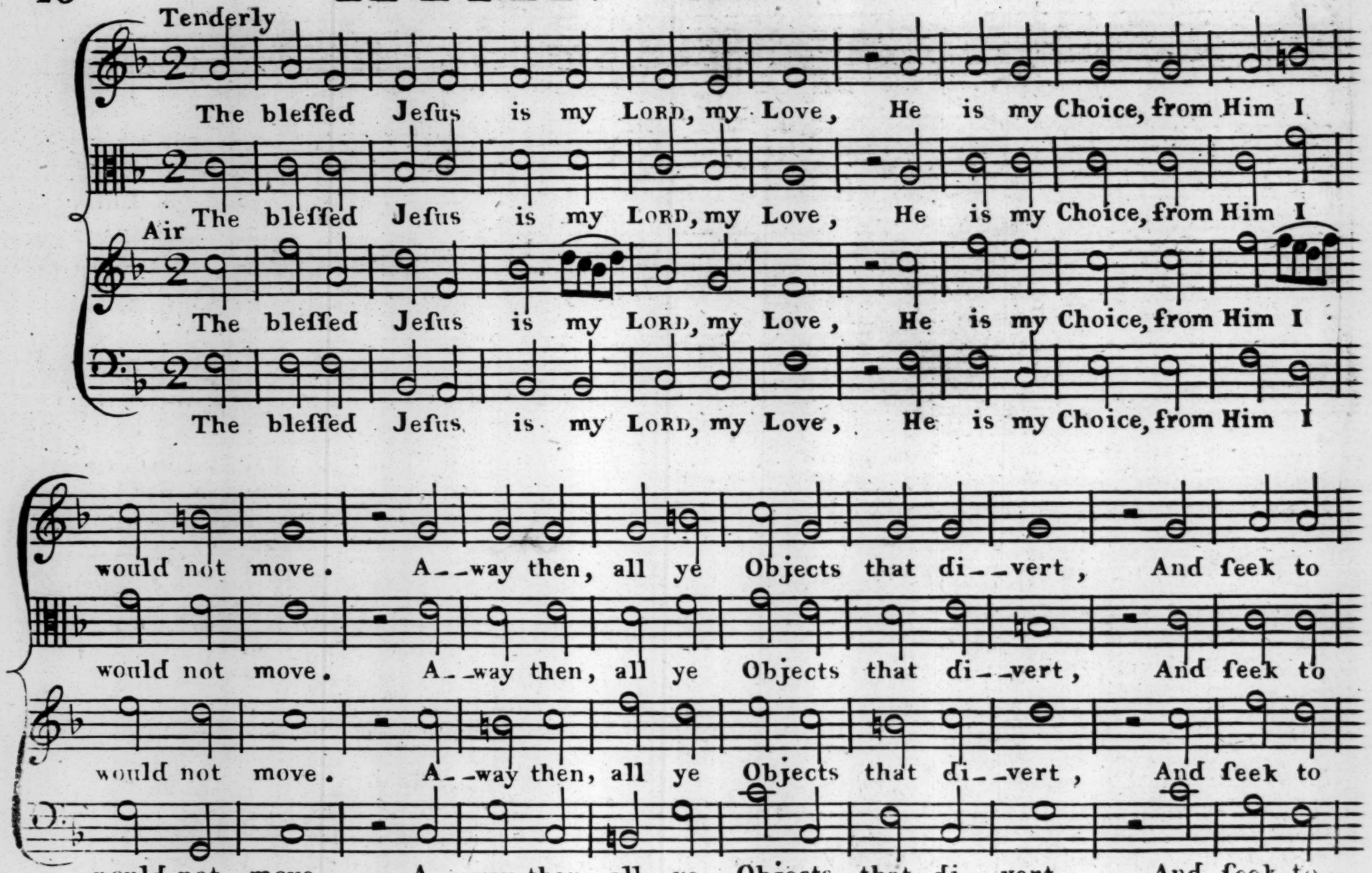


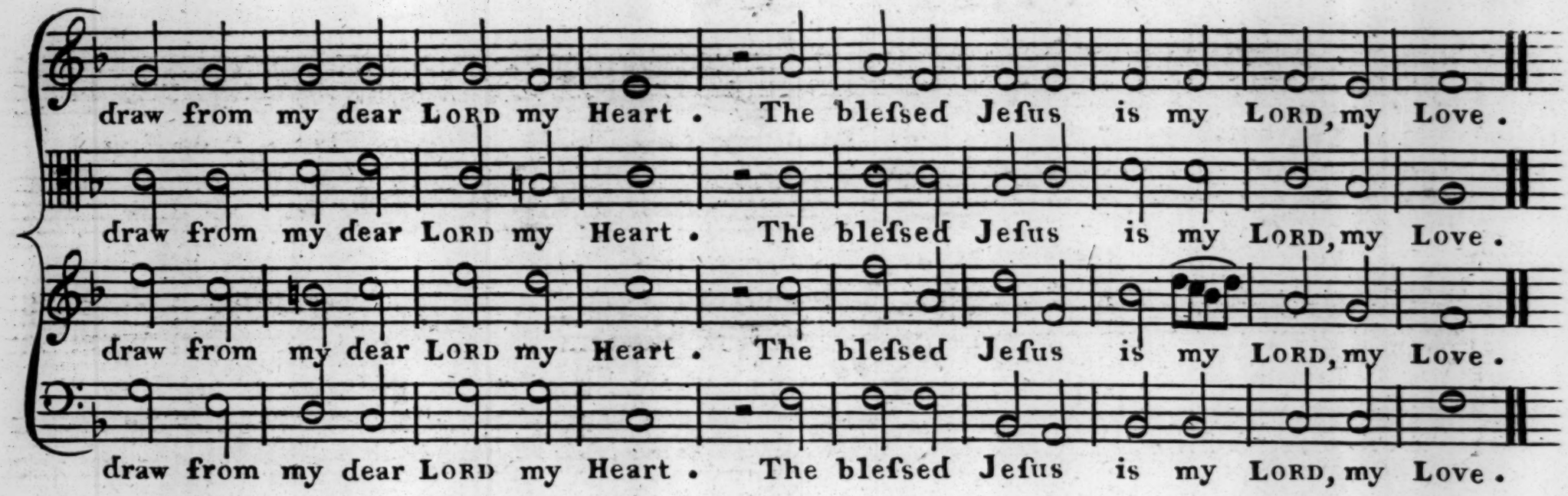
NB . The two following Verſes muſt be Sung to the Muſic of the firſt Verſe .

Yes, 'tis our better Part that lies
Expoſ'd to all theſe mortal Ills,
The Soul, th'immortal Spirit dies,
And Tophet's ceaſeleſs Torments feels,
Unleſs a ſov'reign Balm we know,
And Life from bleſt Bethesda flow .

Here, LORD, we wait, now move the Wave
The true Bethesda; let us prove
Preſent a mighty Pow'r to ſave,
The force of Jeſu's dying Love;
Now let us bathe in Mercy's Sea
And find our Health, Life, All from Thee.

HYMN IX


Tenderly
The bleſſed Jeſus is my LORD, my Love, He is my Choice, from Him I
Air
The bleſſed Jeſus is my LORD, my Love, He is my Choice, from Him I
The bleſſed Jeſus is my LORD, my Love, He is my Choice, from Him I
The bleſſed Jeſus is my LORD, my Love, He is my Choice, from Him I
would not move. A--way then, all ye Objects that di--vert, And ſeek to
would not move. A--way then, all ye Objects that di--vert, And ſeek to
would not move. A--way then, all ye Objects that di--vert, And ſeek to
would not move. A--way then, all ye Objects that di--vert, And ſeek to



That uncreated Beauty, which hath gain'd
My raviſh'd Heart, has all your Glory ſtain'd:
His Lovelineſs my Soul hath prepoſſeſt,
And left no Room for any other Gueſt.
The bleſſed Jeſus is my LORD, my Love.

Above's my Home, my Country is above,
That bleſſed Land of Life, of Light, and Love;
There my dear Friends, fled hence, with GOD are bleſt,
Thither are ſwiftly haſting all the reſt.
The bleſſed Jeſus is my LORD, my Love.

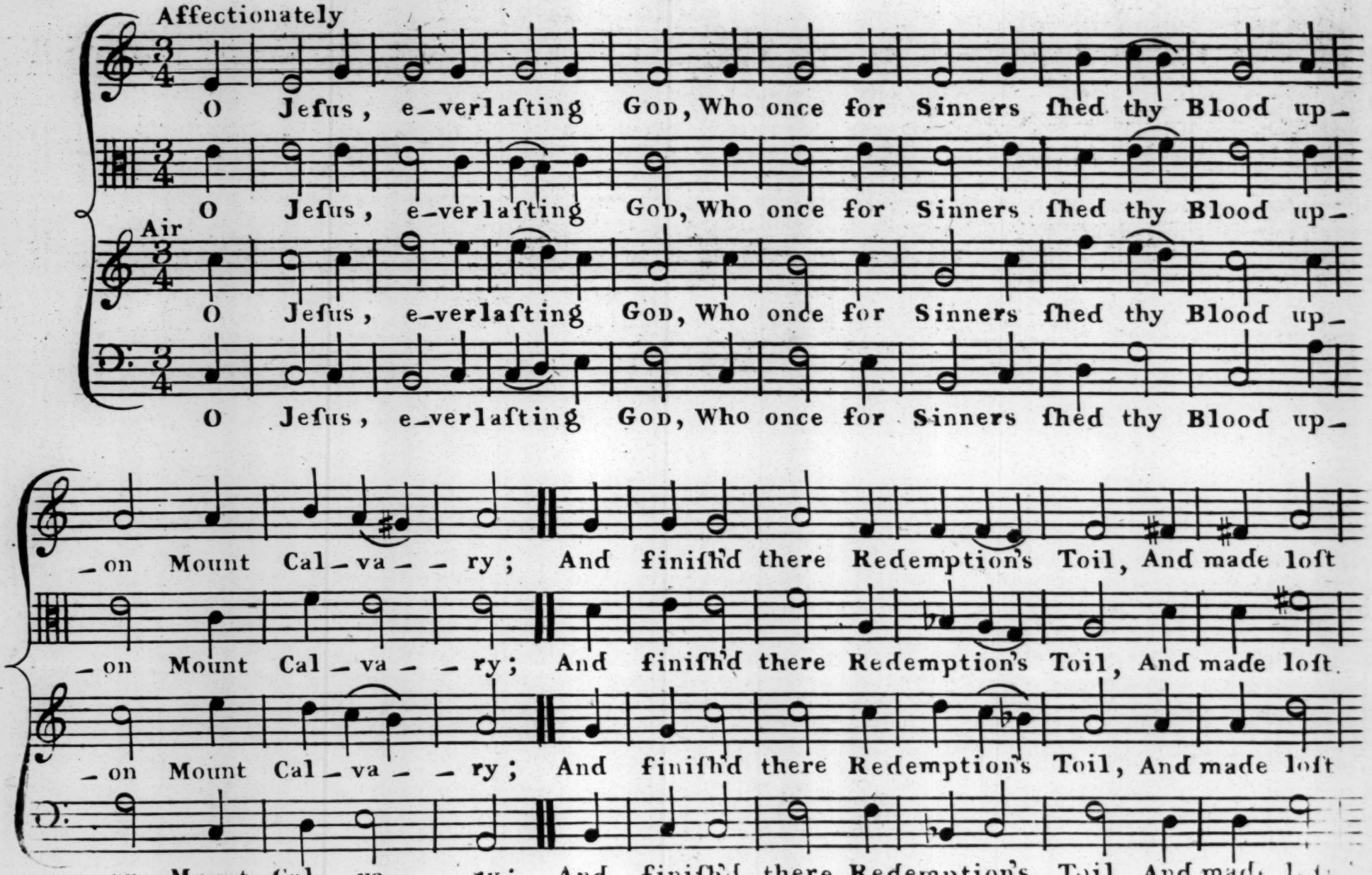
There lives my LORD, and there I long to live:
He gave theſe longings, and himſelf will give.
Haſte then kind Sickneſs forward my Deſign;
That which breaks other Wedlocks perfects mine.
The bleſſed Jeſus is my LORD, my Love.

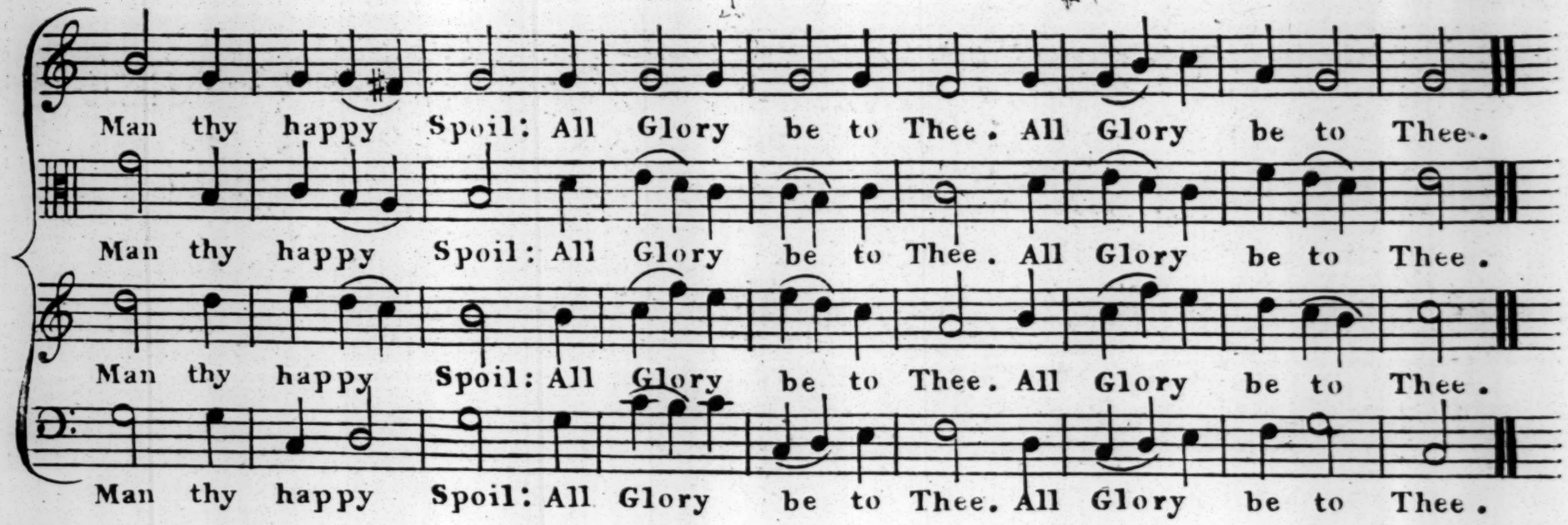
LORD, hear theſe Groanings, and ſome Pity take
On a poor weary Soul, which, for thy Sake,
From earthly Home, Friend, Joys, and all would part
To be with Thee for ever where Thou art.
The bleſſed Jeſus is my LORD, my Love.

In the mean Time, LORD, ſhew thyſelf to me,
'Till thou ſhalt pleaſe to take me up to Thee:
In Thee now let me find ſo much of Reſt,
As may with more Deſire inflame my Breaſt.
The bleſſed Jeſus is my LORD, my Love.

So ſeize on me that we no more may part:
'Till Thou ſhalt take my Soul, LORD, keep my Heart,
And dwell in me, 'till I with Thee ſhall dwell:
This Earth with Thee is Heavn, without Thee Hell.
The bleſſed Jeſus is my LORD, my Love.

HYMN X


Affectionately
O Jeſus, e-verlaſting God, Who once for Sinners ſhed thy Blood up-
O Jeſus, e-verlaſting God, Who once for Sinners ſhed thy Blood up-
Air
O Jeſus, e-verlaſting God, Who once for Sinners ſhed thy Blood up-
O Jeſus, e-verlaſting God, Who once for Sinners ſhed thy Blood up-
-on Mount Cal-va--ry; And finiſh'd there Redemption's Toil, And made loſt
-on Mount Cal-va--ry; And finiſh'd there Redemption's Toil, And made loſt
-on Mount Cal-va--ry; And finiſh'd there Redemption's Toil, And made loſt
-on Mount Cal-va--ry; And finiſh'd there Redemption's Toil, And made

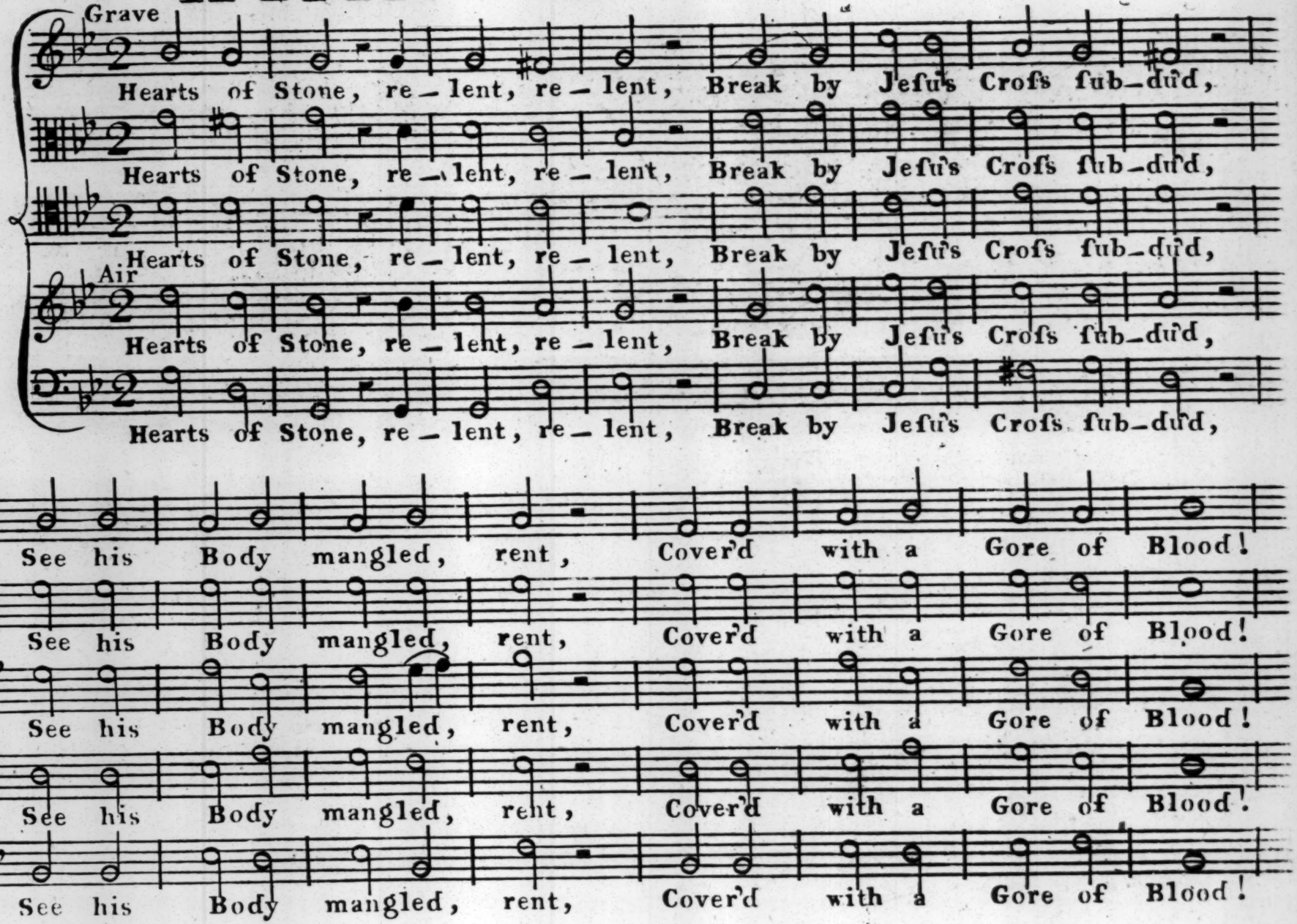


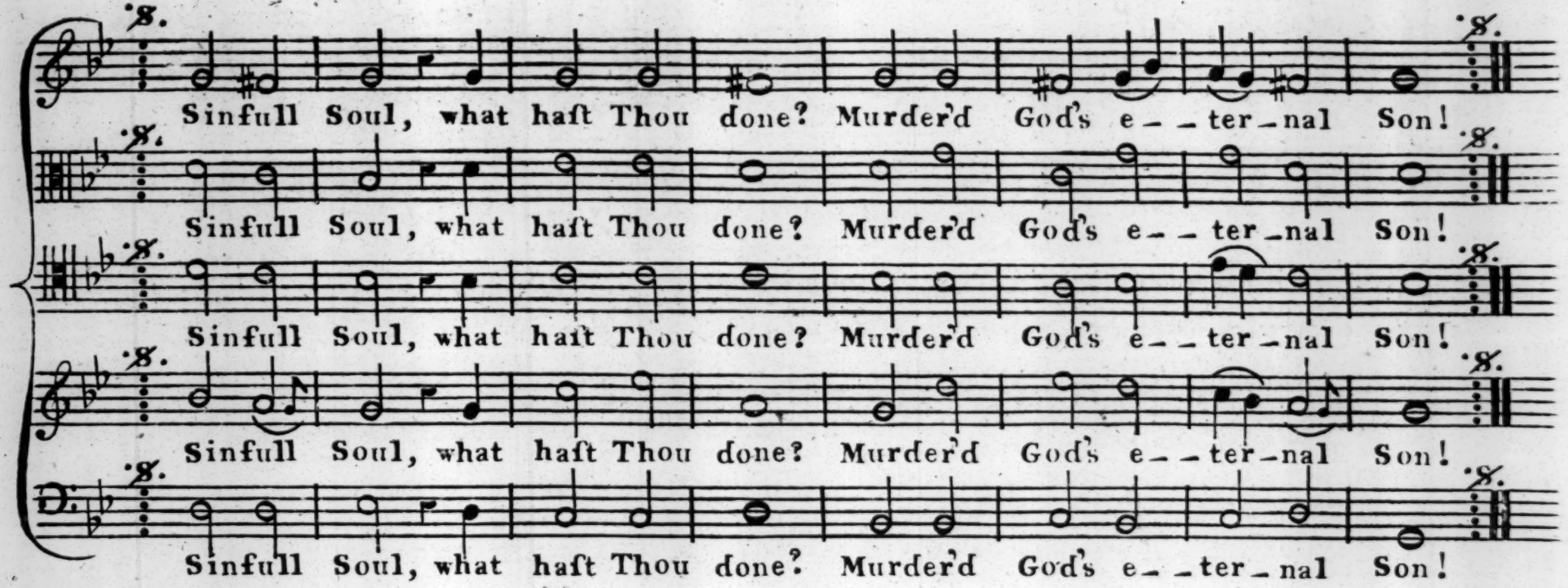
Fain would I think upon thy Pain,
And find therein my Life and Gain,
And fix my Heart and Mind
Upon thy Wounds and dying Love;
Nor from that Point my Heart remove,
But all my Heav'n there find.

Content and glad I'll ever be
To have Salvation, LORD, from Thee,
Ev'n as a Sinner poor:
I nothing have, I nothing am;
My Treasure's in the bleeding Lamb,
Both now and evermore.

The more, through Grace, myself I know
The more content I am to bow,
And sink beneath thy Cross:
And live by Faith upon thy Blood,
Waiting on Thee for ev'ry Good,
And count my Gain but Loss.

HYMN XI


Grave
Hearts of Stone, re – lent, re – lent, Break by Jeſu's Croſs ſub–du'd,
Hearts of Stone, re – lent, re – lent, Break by Jeſu's Croſs ſub–du'd,
Hearts of Stone, re – lent, re – lent, Break by Jeſu's Croſs ſub–du'd,
Air
Hearts of Stone, re – lent, re – lent, Break by Jeſu's Croſs ſub–du'd,
Hearts of Stone, re – lent, re – lent, Break by Jeſu's Croſs ſub–du'd,
See his Body mangled, rent, Cover'd with a Gore of Blood!
See his Body mangled, rent, Cover'd with a Gore of Blood!
See his Body mangled, rent, Cover'd with a Gore of Blood!
See his Body mangled, rent, Cover'd with a Gore of Blood!
See his Body mangled, rent, Cover'd with a Gore of Blood!

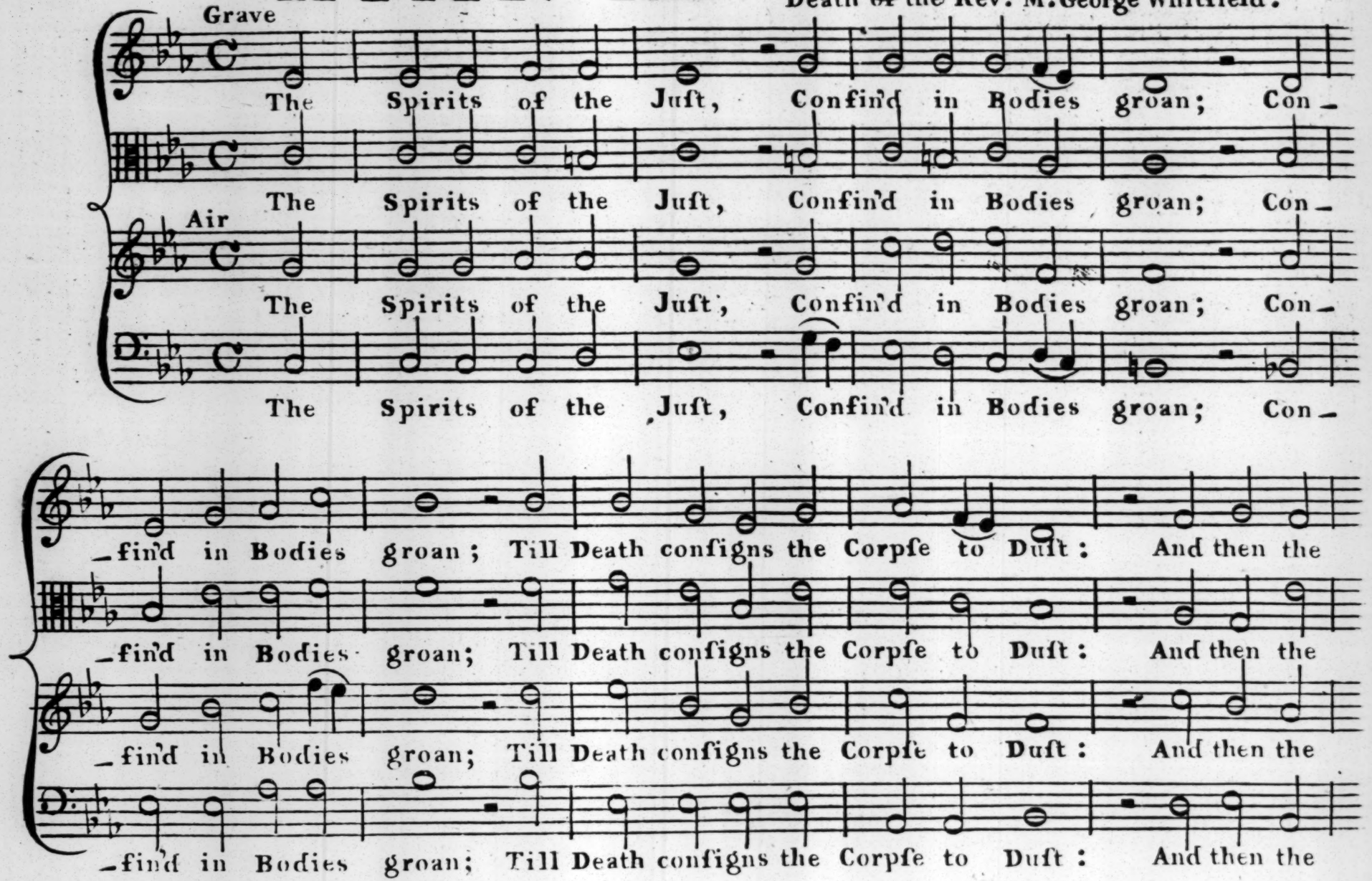


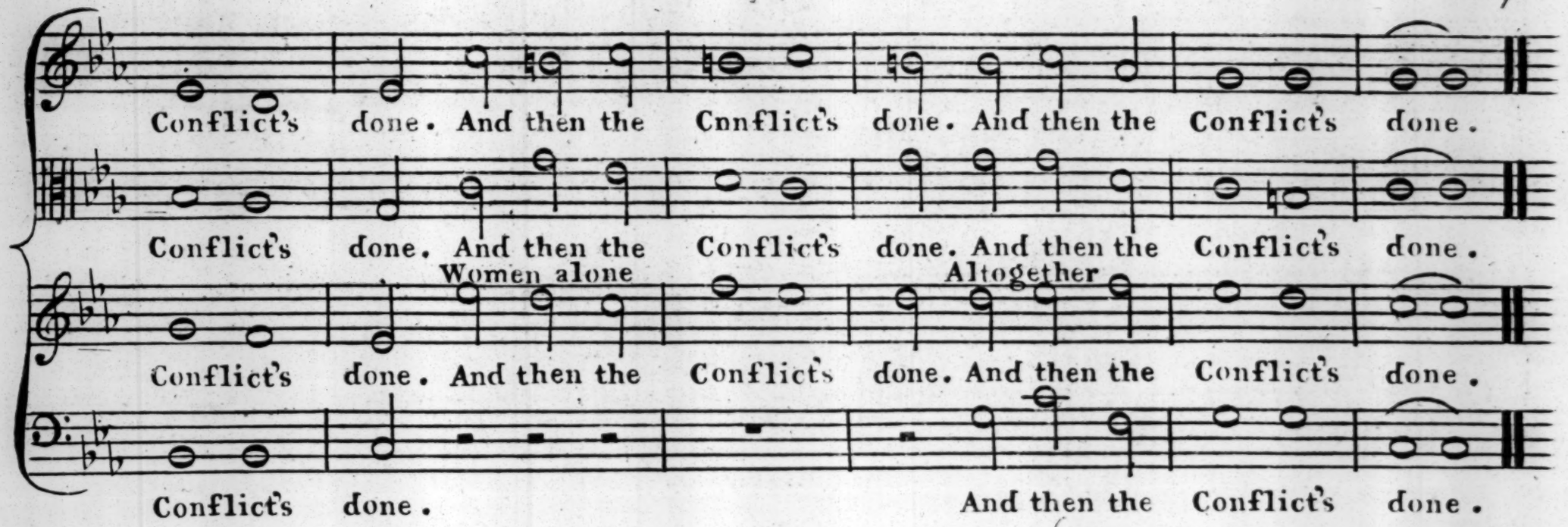
Yes, our Sins have done the Deed,
Drove the Nails that fix Him here,
Crown'd with Thorns his ſacred Head,
Pierc'd Him with a Soldier's Spear,
Made his Soul a Sacrifice;
For a Sinful World he dies!

Shall I let Him die in vain.
Still to Death purſue my God.
Open tear his Wounds again,
Trample on his precious Blood.
No; with all my Sins I'll part:
Jeſu's Love hath broke my Heart.

HYMN XII

A Funeral Hymn Set to Muſic on the Death of the Revd. Mr. George Whitfield.

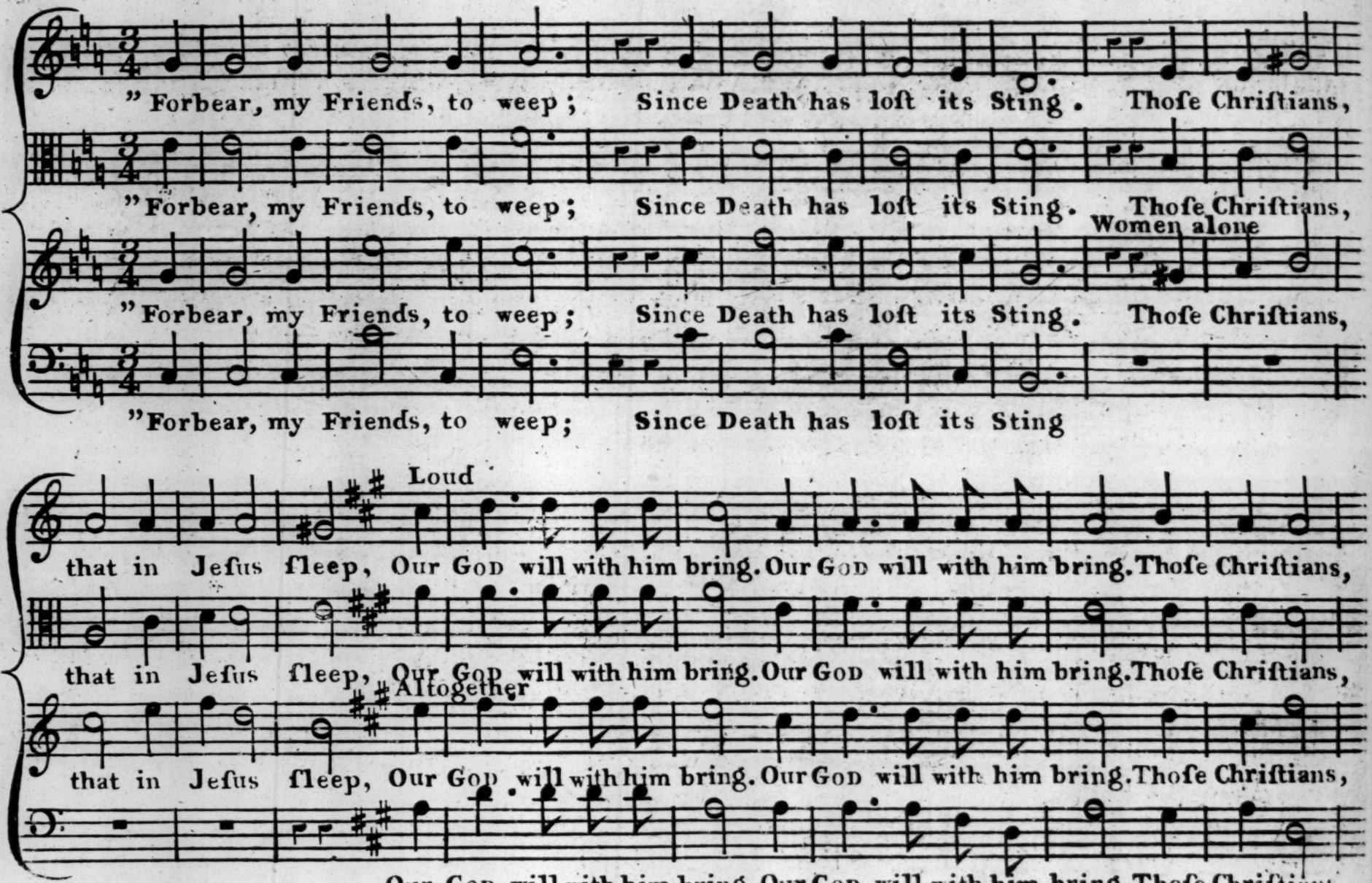


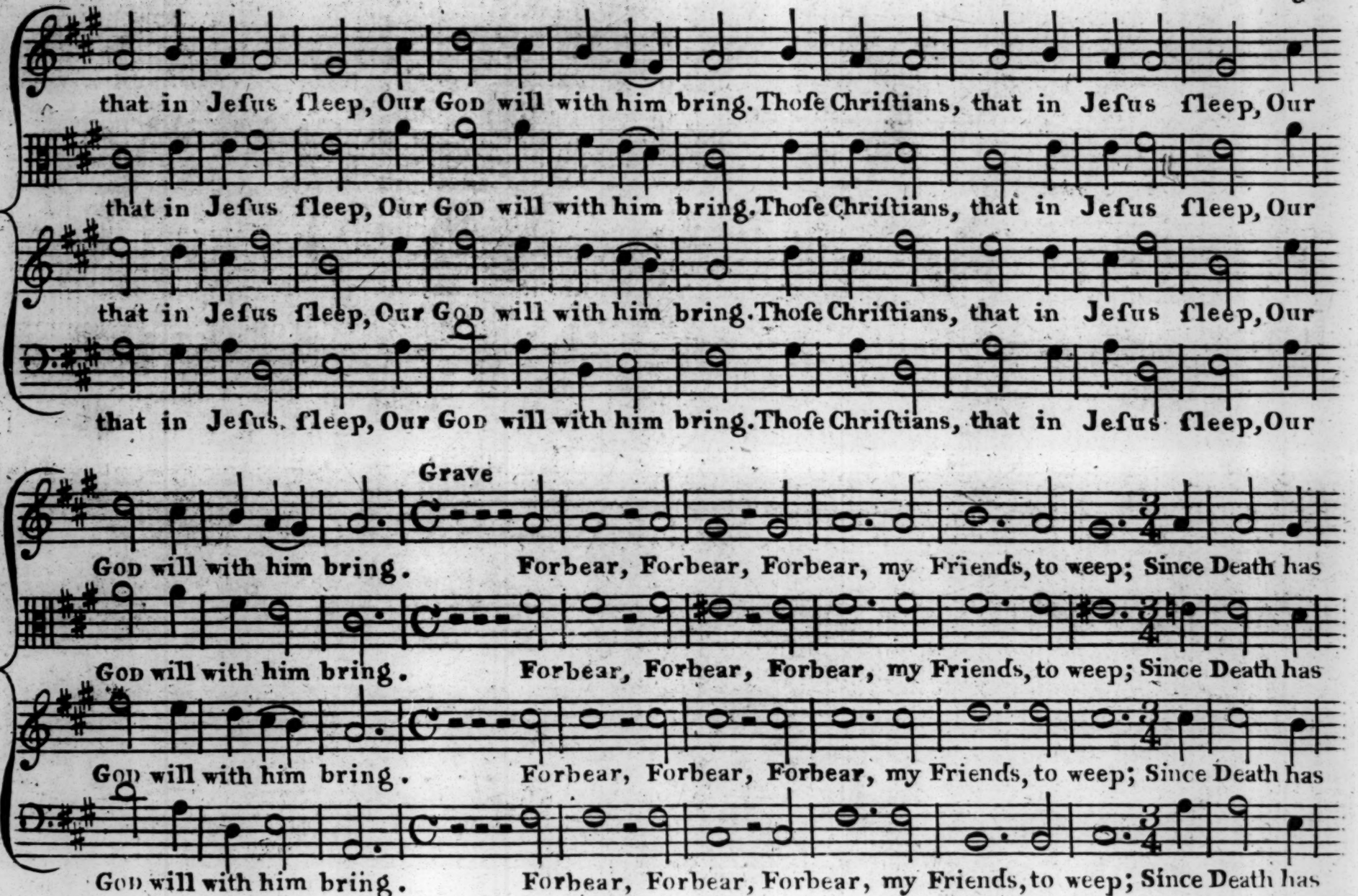


Jeſus, who came to ſave,
The Lamb for Sinners ſlain,
Perfum'd the Chambers of the Grave;
And made ev'n Death our Gain.

Why fear we then to truſt
The Place where Jeſus lay.
In Quiet reſts our Brother's Duſt:
And thus it ſeems to ſay:

Turn Over


"Forbear, my Friends, to weep; Since Death has loſt its Sting. Thoſe Chriſtians,
"Forbear, my Friends, to weep; Since Death has loſt its Sting. Thoſe Chriſtians,
Women alone
"Forbear, my Friends, to weep; Since Death has loſt its Sting. Thoſe Chriſtians,
"Forbear, my Friends, to weep; Since Death has loſt its Sting
Loud
that in Jeſus ſleep, Our God will with him bring. Our God will with him bring. Thoſe Chriſtians,
that in Jeſus ſleep, Our God will with him bring. Our God will with him bring. Thoſe Chriſtians,
Altogether
that in Jeſus ſleep, Our God will with him bring. Our God will with him bring. Thoſe Chriſtians,
Our God will with him bring. Our God will with him bring. Thoſe Chriſtians,


that in Jeſus ſleep, Our God will with him bring. Thoſe Chriſtians, that in Jeſus ſleep, Our
that in Jeſus ſleep, Our God will with him bring. Thoſe Chriſtians, that in Jeſus ſleep, Our
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Grave
God will with him bring. Forbear, Forbear, Forbear, my Friends, to weep; Since Death has
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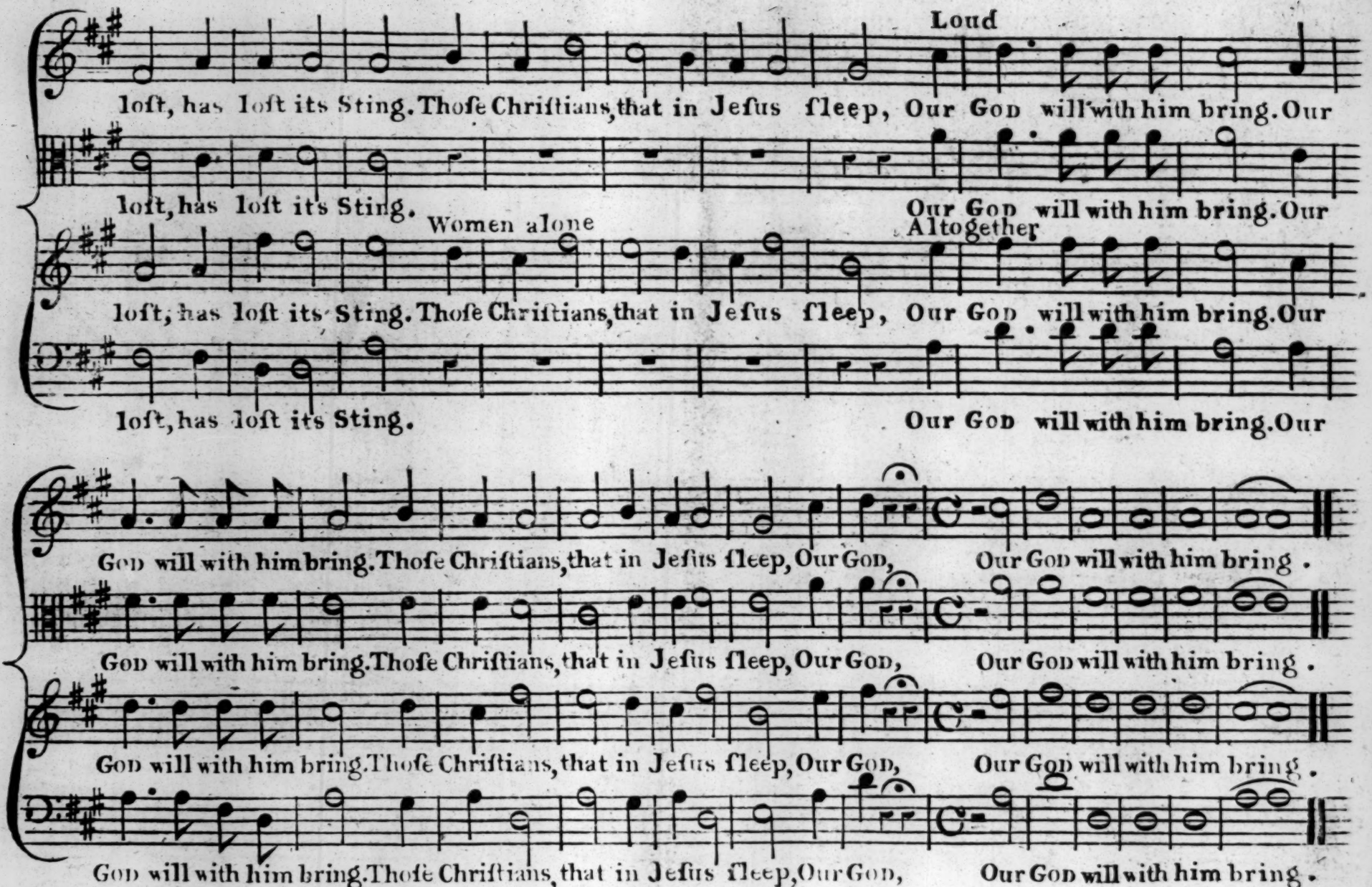
Loud
loſt, has loſt its Sting. Thoſe Chriſtians, that in Jeſus ſleep, Our God will with him bring. Our
loſt, has loſt its Sting.
Our God will with him bring. Our
Women alone
Altogether
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loſt, has loſt its Sting.
Our God will with him bring. Our
God will with him bring. Thoſe Chriſtians, that in Jeſus ſleep, Our God, Our God will with him bring.
God will with him bring. Thoſe Chriſtians, that in Jeſus ſleep, Our God, Our God will with him bring.
God will with him bring. Thoſe Chriſtians, that in Jeſus ſleep, Our God, Our God will with him bring.
God will with him bring. Thoſe Chriſtians, that in Jeſus ſleep, Our God, Our God will with him bring.